Week ending Sept. 12 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Begins this week: THE RED SNOWS

Exciting adventures with the British climbers on Russia's forbidden peaks

by CHRIS BRASHER

How your town can make roads safe for children

The girls who marched to war

I can't tell Stork from butter

And me country born and bred! Mind you, I've a country appetite, too. Loaf and a half a day, regular—with plenty of that creamy-tasting Stork on it. Crumpets, toast, sandwiches—the more Stork the merrier, say I!

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one of a series

An outing to Oxford

The Stork Demonstration Van is a familiar sight at Agricultural Shows all over the country. The pictures you see here were taken at the Oxfordshire Show, where the Stork Van was the centre of a great deal of attention. As usual, demonstrations were given throughout the day, showing the visitors how to make the recipes in the latest Stork Recipe Booklet. After each demonstration there were free samples of cake and, of course, the recipe book was given away free to all who wanted it. If there is an agricultural show in your district at any time, why don't you pop along and visit the Stork Van? Not only will you be given our latest free recipe booklet, but any cookery problems you have will be answered by the team of experts.

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

JACK and Jill have climbed the hill, and from the way Jill has eased one foot out of its shoe, she wishes they'd brought the pail of water down with them. The long, long trail has done its winding for today, and now they're in the land of dreams, waiting for the rumble of the bus with its promise of soft, padded seats. "The thought may be pedestrian," says cover artist Batchelor, "but it seems to me that there's an excellent case for the open road—provided, of course, that you don't stray far from a good bus service."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Roadside Horrors

This summer, for the first time in years, we went to the West Country for our family holidays by *train*. Once we were out of the built-up area, the countryside, viewed from the carriage window, seemed oddly enchanting . . . and then it gradually dawned on us why.

There were no petrol stations, no traffic roundabouts, by-passes and other monstrosities in lurid concrete, no flashing pedestrian crossings, ribbon and housing development, huge multi-coloured hoardings, traffic signs. . . .

The desecration of our roads has been an insidious business, and it is not until you see the contrast from a rural railway that you realize just how bad its effect on our countryside has been. When the railways were born and they cut brutally across Britain there was an outcry.

It seems that the wheel has now turned full circle and it is the roads which are being spoiled.

Next year we shall certainly go by train . . . if we can afford it.—H. L. G. HEATH, Hamilton Road, Reading.

Man The Moaner

As a student I spent three summer vacations working as a hospital orderly. Part of the time I was on the women's surgical ward, where the patients either (a) suffered in silence, (b) tried to look cheerful, or (c) occupied themselves with knitting, reading, etc. Everything was calm and pleasant.

Later I was sent to the men's ward, and the contrast was shattering. Unlike the weaker sex, the men —with a few exceptions—spent their time moaning about everything and everybody and telling all who would listen that their condition was worse than anyone else's. To get attention they gave a bellow of a piercing shriek.

After seeing this pantomime I was not surprised to hear a staff nurse (who was beautiful, young and charming) declare that she would never marry. Most women like men when they are fit, but the best thing to do with them when they complain of a pain is—shoot them.—Miss J. STONE, Highfield, Sutton, Hull.

Snake Summer

This fine summer we've had has led many people to predict that snakes would be more numerous because of the hot weather. In fact, they've been conspicuous by their absence.

Can it be the buzzard we have to thank for this? I have picked up several half-eaten reptiles, mostly adders, and have also seen buzzards with them in their beaks. Perhaps the exit of the rabbit has been a blessing in more ways than one.—T. G. MITCHELL, St. Giles-in-the-Wood, Torrington, Devon.

"Hot weather makes snakes more noticeable, not more numerous," says a naturalist. "They lie in the open to bask in the sun—and so become easy prey to buzzards, who certainly have been short of food since myxomatosis. The rabbit shortage led to a big drop in our buzzard population."

Hazards Of School

Included in my son's grammar school "successes" are: grey flannels and a white shirt holed by acid, and trousers ripped by a nail projecting from underneath a desk.

It is about time that an enterprising insurance company or education authority offered a cheap policy to

cover the occupational hazards of modern education. — L. A. BUDD, Holt Close, Farnborough, Hants.

Teasing Tang

I have no sense of smell and I am constantly tantalized by other people's descriptions of the wonderful smell of frying bacon, the scent of roses, the tang of autumn wood smoke and similar delights.

There are hearing aids for those who are deaf, and spectacles to help the weak-sighted, but when will the medical profession do something to help people who have a deficient sense of smell?—W. G., Newbury, Berks.

"I doubt if we'll ever be able to help," says a specialist. "What you must remember is that spectacles and hearing-aids don't improve the eye or ear; it is the object or sound which is magnified. Smell is very complicated and there's no known way of amplifying it."

After The Bomb

I was most interested in your series on the A-bomb age, "The Secret Decision That Changed The World." My ship was one of the first to enter Kure harbour, near Hiroshima, at the end of hostilities.

Half a dozen of us made our way to the outskirts of the stricken town. And the sight was ghastly.

From the crater, as far as the eye could see in any direction, was complete devastation. But two gaunt skeletons, of once-proud buildings, remained. All else was razed to the ground: underfoot was rubble of molten slate, wood and glass, all fused together.

Vegetation as we know it had ceased to exist. Once-beautiful trees were stripped naked and burned black, and I recall being surprised that some still retained withered branches while the buildings were reduced to rubble.

And that was what today we can regard as a very old-fashioned bomb. —IVOR L. LEA, Dornton Road, South Croydon.

This week's instalment, "Hiroshima Gets The Death Sentence," starts on page 27.

Easy Days

Gilbert Harding criticises the timing of examinations (JOHN BULL, July 4). As a teacher with thirty years' experience (not one who has often changed his job like Mr. Harding), I agree with him.

Exams at the end of a gruelling term are crassly stupid. Having marked six hundred papers in ten days this summer, I know.

People who believe that teachers have an easy life should try this job in summer. In business it is possible to tick over at sixty per cent pressure on days you feel ill; but in teaching there's no such thing as an easy day. You are dealing with human beings, not machines.

On the day you plan to take it easy you will probably work harder than usual, because the "little darlings" will sense your need for peace and rest . . . and see you don't get it. — ENA WRIGHT, Dykes Lane, Sheffield.

Keep Out!

British Railways have always provided for the non-smoker, but not so lucky are travellers like myself who enjoy reading a book or magazine.

One always seems to come up against the obstreperous child determined to wreck the peace.

Their parents seem to be equally unconcerned with the rights of the

reader. Isn't it time that carriages were provided marked "Readers Only"?—L. H., Manchester.

Halt At The Zebra

Every month there are accidents, some of them fatal, on zebra crossings. Some motorists don't seem to realize that the Highway Code gives pedestrians the right of way on these crossings.

Accidents would be prevented if motorists crossed "zebras" in the same way as pedestrians cross streets: stop at the edge of the crossing, make sure no pedestrians are coming, then continue.—J. E. M. DARLING, Beaufort Road, Edinburgh, 9.

"The law used to be that drivers had to be ready to halt at a zebra—and it was better that way," says the Pedestrians' Association. "Now they increasingly abuse these crossings, interpreting the 'precedence' rule as allowing them to shoot just in front of or behind the pedestrian.

"Often they don't give way at all, and we advise pedestrians to signal when they want to cross."

Two Views

Three years ago when I visited an optician about my reading-glasses he chatted about not prescribing lenses which were too strong. They would make my eyes "lazy" and I would become more dependent on my spectacles, he said.

But recently I visited another optician and he held the opposite view. Although my eyes had changed very little he said he would give me lenses with "plus-power," so that my eyes would not accept as normal an indistinct picture.

Some opticians seem to be liberal with lens strength, others conservative. Which is right? — MISS F. JESSUP, London.

"The power of lens prescribed depends a lot on the patient's age," says an optician. "Both opticians are encouraging the eyes themselves to do the work, but the older you get

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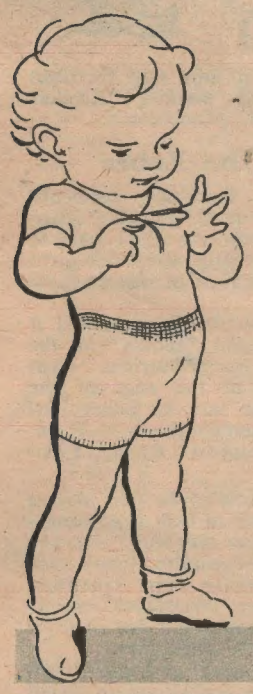

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

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Unwanted Crown

Recently I saw a bus conductor refuse to accept a Coronation 5s. piece in payment of a fare. He said it was not legal tender as the edges were not milled. Instead, it bore the inscription: "Faith and truth I will bear unto you."

Was he right? Are 1953 crowns only souvenirs?—R. C., Burnley.

"These coins are legal tender up to two pounds," says the Royal Mint. "But medallions, which are often struck to mark coronations, are not. We could replace milling with an inscription on other coins, but they aren't big enough."

Right Wrist

Why does nearly everyone wear his wrist-watch on the left wrist? I can understand someone who uses his left hand for everything doing so, but why do I, a right-handed person? Is it habit?—E. MILES, Flamstead Gardens, Dagenham, Essex.

"It's popularly believed that the reason is the very opposite to that given by Mr. Miles—that the watch is more convenient and out of harm's way on the left," says a doctor. "But the real reason is that it's easier to put the watch on with the dominant hand. Observations show that left-handed people tend to put it on the right wrist, for this reason."

Out Of Touch ?

Since 1914, with the exception of the second World War, I have been a Merchant Service radio officer. When I wanted to resume after the war I was told that as five years had elapsed since I last signed on I would have to take a proficiency examination.

How different from the case of my brother, a doctor who is an M.R.C.S. and an L.R.C.P. He could practise however great the interval. If he qualified at twenty-two he could quite legally start a practice at seventy-two without any query as to his abilities.—J. C. R. WILLIAMSON, Carlton Road, Eastbourne.

"True, a doctor—like most professional men—can make a comeback at any age," says the British Medical Association. "But he wouldn't get into the Health Service. A doctor's lucky if he can get a job over the age of forty-five."

How Big Is A Spoon ?

Why don't we have a standard size in teaspoons? There is an amazing difference betwen the largest and the smallest. Many a cake must have been spoiled by the wrong amount of some ingredient being measured in; and just how much medicine does one give when ordered to administer "one teaspoonful"?—MISS B. MITCHELL, Campbeltown, Argyll.

"There is a standard 'teaspoon'," says the British Standards Institution, "but it's not for table use, only measuring. It is circular and measures an inch and an eighth across the rim.

"We are, incidentally, now working on standard specifications for cutlery."

Got A Gun ?

Reading the New Zealand police report for last year I see that a five-month "arms amnesty" resulted in a tremendous response—7,764 firearms were turned over to the police.

With all the recent shooting incidents we have had in Britain, a short amnesty here wouldn't go amiss.—A. J. DONALDSON, New Silksworth, Co. Durham.

In 1946 an appeal was made, and 76,000 firearms were surrendered, says the Home Office. The appeal still stands, and although there is now no undertaking not to prosecute, the police are unlikely to do so. In 1957, more than 2,200 guns were surrendered or confiscated.

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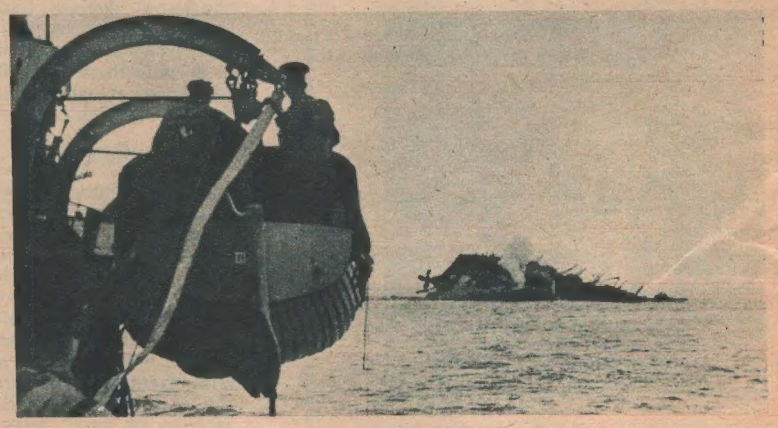

June, 1940 . . . and off the French port of St. Nazaire a liner packed with soldiers, women and children prepares to sail for safety. A Nazi bomber swoops, and with two bombs brings about the worst sea disaster of the war.

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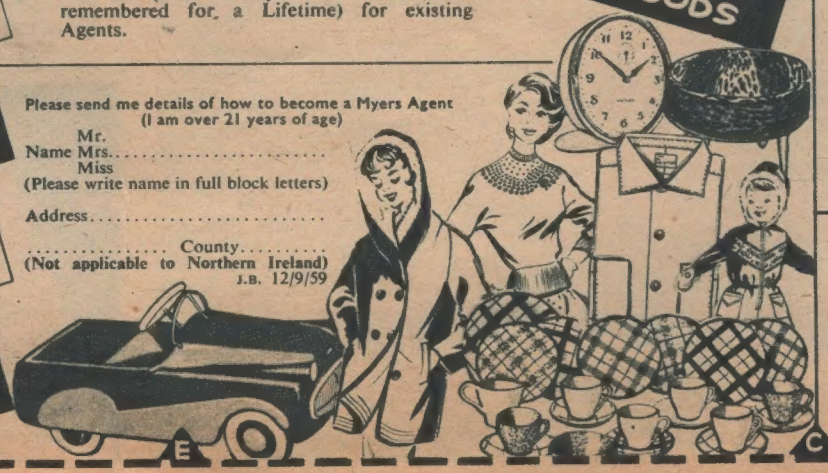

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After twenty years the Russians lift their mountain ban

THE RED SNOWS

by CHRIS BRASHER

The two-headed Ushba, Matterhorn of the Caucasus, tackled by Chris Brasher (below), Sir John Hunt and others in the British expedition

A great story of adventure in the Caucasus. . . . The British conquest of Russia's once forbidden peaks

OUTSIDE the National Hotel in Moscow a shrewish, colourless woman sat in the driver's seat of a steamroller and shouted at the men laying the tarmac in front of her. "That's what I can't understand about these Russians," said an American pointing at the steamroller, "the way they make their women work. They're like barbarians. What's more, if you go down some of these side streets, you'll see the most terrible slums."

"Yeah, but have you ever been down in the South back home?" asked his companion. "Things are worse there."

It was July last year. The Americans were members of the United States athletic team which was in Moscow to compete in an international match against the Soviet Union.

"We sure came with prejudices," one of them told me, "but when you see the other side of the case, they're not doing so badly over here, and most of them seem happy enough. It's very different from what we imagined."

And Russian mountains and mountaineers were very different from what we, a party of nine British climbers—the first mountaineering party to visit Russia for twenty years—had imagined.

Our perspective was a rather specialized one, but we did enter into close personal relationships with Russian mountaineers. Sometimes our lives depended on them—sometimes theirs on us. We could talk as people to people rather than as ideologies to ideologies.

We received the greatest kindnesses and hospitality, yet there was always an undercurrent of competition. When a group of us made one particular climb, the Russians sent a party of four to repeat it. Two of them were killed. Nevertheless, they sent a second party who managed to climb the mountain. When two of our party made a new ascent, the Russians tried to repeat it. We still do not know whether they succeeded.

It is impossible to know Russia. When you think that you know something for certain you suddenly discover a complete contradiction.

It took us years of frustration, correspondence, mounting files, before we finally got to Russia. But when we had surmounted the bureaucracy, we found

The Spartak Camp chief and his instructors give the expedition a good-humoured farewell on leaving for the Ushba. Every coming or going at the camp was an excuse for a celebration

Spartak Camp provided the British climbers with a lorry for their day-long journey to Bezingi village

continued from previous page

it was worth every hour, every letter, every disappointment. We climbed with Russians; we lived with Russians; we found that we thought alike about common interests.

We hope—but perhaps this is too much to ask—that what has been written will be read without prejudice on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

It all began in August, 1953. I had been mountaineering in Europe with a London doctor named John Mawe, and Dave Thomas, a huge, genial thirty-three year old Welshman, but we were restless. Our climbs had been spoiled by bad weather. In Italy we met three friends: Mike Harris, a slight, dark-haired research physicist from Wolverhampton, who was undoubtedly one of the leading rock-climbers in the country; my brother-in-law Ralph Jones, a tall, well-built twenty-eight year old Mancunian, and John Neill, a chemical engineer from Wolverhampton.

This trio were happy enough; they had just been on the first British ascent of the Tronchey Arète of the Grandes Jorasses—a major Alpine climb and sufficient enough for anyone to be pleased with his Alpine season.

More ambitious

Over lunch at the Café Roma in Courmayeur—underdone steaks, salad, huge pink peaches, and carafes of red wine—John Neill developed his idea that a party should try to obtain permission to visit the Caucasus, a range of mountains 750 miles long that runs east and west from the Caspian Sea to the Black Sea in southern Russia—a playground larger, higher and wilder than the Alps.

John had already converted Ralph Jones and Mike Harris to the idea while they were on a training climb earlier that season, and now John Mawe, Dave Thomas and I became interested. The expedition began to form itself.

Time went by and nothing happened. Dave Thomas's continuous stream of letters to the Russian authorities only provoked: "Your letter has been forwarded"; "We are considering your application"; "There are no mountaineering plans for the Caucasus this year."

When I returned to Britain from the Olympic Games in Australia in 1956 and retired from athletics, the way seemed clear for me to join the party. Dave Thomas let me have the files and I set about the business of trying to get permission, convinced that the only way possible was to make it perfectly plain that we seriously wanted to visit the Caucasus and to make it difficult for the Russians to make further excuses.

Russia was now open to tourists and I felt that if they refused us again we could give the lie to their tourist propaganda.

The following year, remembering that Sir John Hunt had visited Moscow to lecture on the ascent of Everest in 1954, and that two Russians, Eugene Biletski and Eugene Gippenreiter, had come to London to lecture to the Alpine Club in 1955, I went to see Sir John to ask whether he would write to Mr. Biletski, one of Russia's leading mountaineers, in support of our application. This he promised to do, and during our conversation remarked: "What an interesting expedition it sounds. I'd like to go to the Caucasus myself."

At the beginning of October we all met in Wales and I mentioned Sir John's remark. "Why not ask him to join us?" someone said. It seemed an obvious thing to do. So we asked him, and much to our surprise he accepted, but added that he wanted to be just an ordinary member of the party and did not want to slow us up in the mountains.

There was not much danger of that for, despite the fact that he could give most of us nearly twenty years, he could outclimb and outlast us. Furthermore, his experience of big mountains would be invaluable.

Then started another flurry of letters and this time Eugene Gippenreiter replied from Moscow on the notepaper of the Mountaineering Section of the U.S.S.R., saying that our application was being considered and that we would hear something shortly. Then he wrote from Moscow on Boxing Day, telling us that our application had been granted at last.

Two weeks later the details arrived. It was suggested that we should first go to Moscow, then on to Mineralnye Vody in the foothills of the Caucasus, thence by bus to Mountaineering Camp Spartak in the Central Caucasus not far from Ushba. We should spend two or three days there in preparation for an ascent and then traverse both summits of Ushba—a magnificent twin-headed peak of 15,410 feet, sometimes described as the Matterhorn of the Caucasus.

From there we should go to the Bezingi Glacier, marching on foot to the Misses Kosh, a green oasis by the side of the glacier and the traditional place for a base camp. (There is a story, unfortunately untrue, that the Misses Kosh was named after two enterprising Victorian English ladies who had once visited the area.)

Gippenreiter suggested twenty-five days for climbs in this area—Dykh-tau, Koshtan-tau, Shkhara—and then that we should traverse the Tsanner Pass into the valley of Svanetia and so down to Sukhumi on the Black Sea Coast for three days' recuperation before flying back to Moscow and so home. A total in all of seven weeks. The most favourable time for making an ascent in the area of Ushba and the Bezingi Glacier was, he said, from July 15 to August 15.

We held our first meeting: Sir John, John Neill, Mike Harris, Ralph Jones, Dave Thomas and myself. John Mawe had had to withdraw because he could not spare the time from his practice. We decided the party should consist of eight people. Derek Bull, a thirty-one year old insurance executive, and Alan Blackshaw, a twenty-six year old civil servant, who were both old friends of all of us, had the longest standing claims.

We decided that, as we were such a hotch-potch party and entirely unrepresentative of the strength of British mountaineering, there was some danger of the enterprise becoming too official unless we studiously avoided calling ourselves an expedition. So we became a "party of friends" without any leader and out solely to enjoy ourselves. We decided against writing for any except the most staid newspapers; against taking a cine camera for a TV film; against any form of sponsorship; against naming ourselves.

Derek Bull and I went away and started to look up fares to Moscow and other costs. Two weeks later we all met again. Derek said his estimate was £300 per person for six weeks: £2,400 for the eight of us. So we decided to write for anyone (within limits) who would pay us, to take a cine camera and to call ourselves "The British Caucasus Expedition, 1958." Thus does money intrude into the lives of men.

The last member

Talking things over, we realized that if we were going to do some good climbs then we needed another really strong mountaineer. Luckily George Band, who was a member of the Everest expedition of 1953 and one of the two men to make the first ascent of Kangchenjunga in 1955, had said he would like to join us. We invited him to become the ninth, and positively the last, member of the party.

After a last-minute hitch when our Russian visas were delayed, we set off from London on June 25 and drove in three cars as far as the Polish-Russian frontier on the River Bug. There we were told that as our visas did not mention cars we could not go on to Moscow with them. Long arguments ensued, but all were fruitless. We had no alternative but to unload everything and get on to the train.

There was a woman in charge of each coach and she vacuum-cleaned our compartment and made up our beds. We spent a comfortable night, awoke to a clear, sunny morning and breakfasted on beefsteak, peas and fried potatoes. Just as we were finishing, a bleary-eyed Russian sat down at the next table and ordered his breakfast—red caviare and a bottle of vodka.

Dead on time, at 1.40 p.m., we arrived in Moscow to find Gippenreiter, Kirienko (the assistant manager of Intourist), Ken Scott from the British Embassy, a reporter from Moscow Radio and an Intourist guide, Alexei, on the platform.

A large bus took us and all our equipment to the Leningradskaya Hotel, a towering, newly-completed skyscraper facing on to the "Square of Railway Stations" (there were three of them, looking rather like Oriental town halls). There are a lot of newly-completed buildings in Moscow, but none of them can be called modern. The Leningradskaya was twenty storeys high with a tall spire adding to its height, but the interior, with its dark, heavy, marble pillars and red plush, looked more like the entrance to the King of Ethiopia's Turkish baths.

After lunch George Band and I went in search of a lavatory and found a large, marble-faced, pillared affair. A tall, baggy-eyed, good-looking man, better dressed than a Russian, said: "After you," in Oxford English.

It was Donald Maclean.

Gippenreiter made arrangements for us to meet some Soviet mountaineers the next day and then he went to book our tickets for the flight to Mineralnye Vody. Now we could really believe that we would get to the Caucasus.

We seemed to have far too much excess baggage for one plane. This problem was solved when Alex Baldin, a Russian physicist who had been at Birmingham University, visited us in the hotel and told us that he was going down by train to the Bezingi Glacier area of the Caucasus with a large party from the Academy of Sciences' mountaineering section, and they would very willingly take all the baggage for the second half of our trip down with them.

Just after midday on Wednesday, July 2, we loaded the rest of our luggage into a bus and set out for the airport.

We took off at 5 p.m. and headed south over the flat, wooded Moscow plain. Early the next morning as we neared Mineralnye Vody the clouds dispersed and the sun came over the

The snow-covered slope steepens. . . . Silhouetted against brilliant sky, three climbers trudge their way up the mountain Pik Kavkaz

horizon, but in the distance there was a white, billowing wall of cotton-wool where we expected to see the Caucasus. As we banked steeply to land, with the first hummocks of the foothills appearing below us, the cotton-wool drifted apart and there were the snows of Elbrus shining in the sun. At last we had seen with our own eyes the goal which it had taken us five years to achieve.

An airport official, Uri Borshenko, who spoke almost perfect English, gave us breakfast and was most anxious to talk. He said he had learned the language through a correspondence course and had only once before met an English-speaking person. Time and again we were to come across people like this—people who had worked in their spare time solely to educate themselves.

A bus from the Spartak Camp, a hundred miles away, collected us and we set off for Piatigorsk, where there are huge sanatoria for stomach and rheumatic troubles.

Russians' welcome

Soon we left the main tarmacked road and headed down a rough track, occasionally cobbled, towards a valley running into the hills. We were now in the district of Balkaria. On either side the peasants were making bricks from mud and straw and drying them in the sun.

Eventually, grinding in bottom gear over the rocky track through the woods, we reached the camp at 2.30 p.m. And the rain came down again. There, on the wooden wall of the main building, was a huge placard: "Welcome to the English alpinists."

Our luggage was taken to a row of wooden buildings that looked like beach huts. Spartak Camp was built on a steep, terraced and wooded slope. On the highest terrace were the huts where the Masters of Sport and ourselves were housed. On the next were more huts, for the lower orders, an area for P.T., a basket-ball court and the main building which contained a meeting room, offices, dining-rooms and kitchens.

And below, on the bottom terrace, were tents in which most of those attending the beginners' course lived and two or three huts containing the washrooms and showers.

We sat down to a huge meal and met some of the instructors: the U.S.S.R. ski champion, Vladimir Zirianof; Uri Tour, who climbed Pobeda (Victory Peak) in 1956—the last of the four Russian mountains over 20,000 feet to be conquered; and Joseph Kachiani and Misha Khergiani, two Svanetian mountaineers whom we were to get to know much better.

In the evening we walked up through the woods to the mountains. The air was fresh and pine-scented. As we came out of the trees, carpets of yellow and violet flowers stretched ahead. Towering above us, the precipice of Shkhelda, a magnificent peak of 14,174 feet, leaped in one icy bound for more than a mile above the glacier.

We strolled back to camp through the meadows and woods, discussing which of the peaks we should make our first training climb. Under a hot shower, ridding ourselves of the dust of the journey, we decided to try Pik Kavkaz (Caucasus Peak)—a strangely inappropriate name for such an insignificant mountain.

We were awakened next morning by loudspeakers—scattered over the camp—calling everybody to wash. As we wearily piled out, the Russians emerged from their huts in shorts and singlets. Girls and boys were soon on the parallel bars, playing basket-ball or trotting into the woods. Everywhere there was intense physical activity. Everybody was busy; everybody except the nine pyjama-clad Englishmen, who gazed in sleepy-eyed wonder at the spectacle.

Eugene Gippenreiter came to tell us that Joseph and Misha would be happy to join the party and show us the route. We could not have had steadier or more competent companions.

At four in the afternoon we set off.

We stumbled on over the boulder-strewn glacier and up a steep moraine slope to a shelf at ten thousand feet below Pik Kavkaz. Two platforms were already scooped out of the earth; we made a third for our party which now numbered twelve.

With such a large party—Misha and Joseph, Eugene Gippenreiter and nine of us—the meal took a long time to cook. Misha produced some hard, dried fish, the smell of which would have delighted a cat. These came from the Caspian Sea and were extremely salty. Misha said that they were a great delicacy in the mountains since they needed no cooking and replaced the salt lost through sweating. But only a few of us could stomach it.

We were up at 3 a.m., shaking out the ice formed by condensation between our sleeping bags and tent sacks.

The snow was in perfect condition and we kicked our way in crampons steadily up the steepening slope. As we came out of the gully on to the rocky ridge, the early-morning sun drew our eyes to Elbrus, whose twin summits glowed pink in the dawn.

We roped up and continued up the ridge, finding the rock shattered and loose. Everyone was moving slowly, for our unfit lungs could scarcely grasp at the thin air.

On the Ushba plateau, 13,000 feet up, the Caucasus climbers were delayed by a heavy snow-storm which almost enveloped their camp

The summit of Kavkaz, a sharp pinnacle which fell away vertically on the east, rose ahead of us.

We were climbing as closely together as possible, so that if anyone did dislodge a stone it would not have time to gather speed. Suddenly, there was a shout from above, and a large boulder came bounding down a shallow gully. Bouncing from side to side, it came straight towards us. We flattened ourselves against the mountain as it headed straight for Mike Harris. Then it bounced away out of sight, gathering snow as it went. Mike had been hit on the ribs, and his fingers had been cut. He was badly winded and bruised, but, luckily, nothing was broken.

To the west rose the huge hulk of Elbrus, the King of the Caucasus, perfectly symmetrical as an old volcano should be, beautiful only in its massiveness. To the south the beautiful Queen, Ushba, fierce and jagged, threw her twin peaks into the air. The traverse of Ushba was to be our next climb, and we followed her ridges with awe. I thought that only a leech could cling to the vertical wall that protected the south summit and hoped that it was only our viewpoint that gave this impression.

During the descent, a small stone dropped from above on to my head. It was very small and did not appear to have done any damage. I rubbed my head and my hand came away covered in blood. It streamed down my face, soaked into a handkerchief and dripped all over the rocks. I put a snow-pack on the tiny puncture. The melting snow and blood ran down and it began to look as if there had been a bull-fight.

At 7.30 p.m. tired, but happy at the success of our first climb, we walked into the Spartak Camp to a great welcome of fruit, drink, flowers, a large meal and a warm shower.

At breakfast the next day, Sunday, July 6, we decided that we would move out of the Spartak Camp on the following day, taking with us eight or nine days' food supply for our intended double traverse of Ushba.

We spent the day sorting out our equipment and food for what would be our first major climb. Everybody was most interested in our equipment and

A summit meeting on Pik Kavkaz between British and Russian climbers. Left to right: Eugene Gippenreiter (interpreter), Mike Harris (since killed on Arra Deblam), George Band, Sir John Hunt and Joseph Kachiani

continued from previous page

even our food. They were fascinated by condensed milk packed like toothpaste in tubes. The camp chief, Shevilov, had, therefore, arranged a meeting that evening when people from surrounding camps could come and examine our equipment and ask questions.

After dinner we found more than two hundred people packed tightly into the main hall. When our party had been introduced by Sir John Hunt the questions flowed thick and fast. They wanted to know everything, from why we did not use slings on our ice-axes, to what people in the West thought was the highest mountain in Europe. The truth is that nearly everybody in the West would say Mont Blanc, whereas, in fact, Elbrus is some three thousand feet higher; but to show that there was no anti-Russian propaganda I replied Mount Elbrus, and when asked why, said that it was marked so on the maps. Many people in the hall genuinely believed that Western propaganda refused to acknowledge Elbrus as the highest summit in Europe.

Our party looked like a chain of pack animals as we set off for the Ushba Plateau just after midday on Monday, July 7. Several hours later we were near the ice and rock wall that leaped a mile high to the summit of Shkhelda.

On our right a subsidiary glacier came down from the Akhsu Pass and splayed a long tongue of ice on to the main glacier. And there, truly, was the red snow of the Caucasus. The whole surface of the ice tongue looked as if it had been thinly spread with dried blood—red snow in Soviet Russia! In actual fact the reddish tinge is produced by bacteria which becomes encased in the snow as it falls.

At 7 p.m. we reached the foot of the snow slope leading to the bivouac, and a party of Russians, who were already there, came down to meet us. With typical kindness they took our loads and helped us to the bivouac site, where their companions had some tea ready.

We left the bivouac site at eight-thirty the next morning in thin sunshine. Alan Blackshaw, George Band and myself were roped together, with Mike Harris and Derek Bull on another rope and Ralph Jones, Eugene and John Hunt ahead of us. I felt like some tiny, insignificant insect in this chaos of ice and snow.

The sun had left us, the visibility was only thirty yards with mist and snowflakes falling all around, but John Hunt, who was now leading, picked a sure and safe route through the white meringue. At last the ice-fall began to level out. Just after the last crevasse, through which somebody had put a foot, we came upon the rest of the party, already starting to pitch their tents.

With such appalling visibility and a great blanket of snow ahead there did not seem to be any point in going farther and losing ourselves. We stamped out platforms in the snow, pitched the tents, arranged our equipment so that it would be easy to find in the cold and dark of the morning, and crawled inside to cook ourselves a large meal. We were at last established at a height of 13,000 feet on the Ushba Plateau, with food enough for nine days.

Sleep that night was spasmodic. We were still not acclimatized to the thin air, and the cold even penetrated our sleeping-bags. There were four of us in a tent designed for two.

We woke to a terrible day. It had been snowing all night and everything was covered in a foot of new, powdery snow. Dave Thomas and I began to build an igloo but we had to brush off the new snow before we came to a surface from which we could cut the rectangular blocks. The walls grew fast as we dug down inside the igloo, but when we started to shape them to form a roof, they collapsed.

Alan, who had spent his National Service in the Marine Commando, suggested that we should dig a snow-hole instead. So, with Alan making one hole and I another about ten feet away, and George clearing the debris, we started work. After three hours' toil our two holes met, forming a narrow tunnel six feet under the surface of the plateau.

Dug ice cavern

After another hour's work we had enlarged this sufficiently and filled in one of the entrances. We now had a reasonable cave for two people. We did not dare widen it for fear the roof would fall in.

During the afternoon three parties of Russians—including a girl—came over the top of the ice-fall through the blizzard. With them was a climber named Anatoli Kusnetsov, who came and examined our ice-cave. Soon huge blocks of ice were flying out of the entrance as Anatoli, in private life a civil engineer from Kiev, started to construct what looked to us like a good imitation of an underground station on the Moscow Metro. In two hours he turned our tunnel into a cavern ten feet long, eight feet wide and about four feet high. George, Alan, Anatoli and I moved our equipment inside. That night we had far more sleep, and the temperature inside our cave never dropped below freezing point.

The evening of the next day, as we crawled out for a breath of fresh air, the clouds slowly lifted. There, almost leaning over us, was the white, bare shoulder of Ushba catching the last rays of the sun. The mountain looked aloof, daring us to climb her. It was unbelievably beautiful. But one could not stay outside for long; the windproof clothes froze into stiff boards.

Everyone squeezed into the snow-cave for a discussion on our position. We should obviously have to wait for three fine days before the new snow, which plastered Ushba, would be in condition. We still had enough food for this as well as the four-day traverse, but it was now July 10 and we only had another twenty days before we were due back in Moscow.

The situation was no better in the morning. It had snowed again throughout the night and there was now between three and four feet of new, feathery snow, so we dug ourselves out of the ice-cave and all prepared to leave.

The mist was so thick and the snow was falling so fast that it was impossible to see where we were going.

Some of the party thought we ought to wait where we were for better weather; others, including the Russians, thought it was safe to descend provided the snow was still falling. We hung about for a couple of hours, chatting to the Russians, and eating some of their dried, salted fish.

At eleven-thirty the mist seemed to have lifted a little and the Russians decided to go. At intervals we followed them and our first rope soon caught them up as they groped their way down with the snow about their thighs. Gradually, by trial and error, they forced a passage down through the feathery meringue. As we descended the mist cleared, and every now and again small avalanches shot off the walls of Pik Shchurovo and Shkhelda. We did not stop until we were on the glacier two and a half hours later well clear of all danger.

At six o'clock in the evening, soaked to the skin, we arrived back at Spartak. It was as well that we had come down. The commandant, Shevilov, told us he had alerted all the other camps in the district and was preparing to send an eighty-man search party to look for us on the following day.

Two mornings later the sun broke through at last, and we took leave of the camp. Everybody gathered around the lorry, where Shevilov made a speech and presented us with a large photograph of Ushba headed with the camp emblem and signed by all the staff. In return we presented him with a watch.

At 10 a.m. we climbed aboard and set off down the bumpy road.

Just as darkness was falling we bumped and slid into New Bezingi Village. There was much new building, and the houses were of a higher standard than those in the Baksan Valley. The bricks were still of mud and straw, but the houses were generally on a wooden base with a properly constructed roof of tiles or corrugated iron.

In the muddy square a building carried a post office sign. There we were surrounded by a tough-looking bunch of youngish men wearing quilted coats and cloth caps. They did not look particularly friendly, but they told us we could hire mules at the old farm where the road ended some four miles farther on. The mules we needed to carry our kit up to the glacier.

Just before 9 p.m. we saw lights ahead and drew up at the end of the road by a large, enclosed yard in which a party of forty Ukrainian mountaineers were encamped. In a field nearby we set up our tents.

It was a beautiful, starlit night. When our driver had ground his way out of sight with much crashing of the gearbox, it became silent and peaceful—in pleasant contrast to our nine hours of bouncing, shaking, quivering journey. Dave Thomas, our meteorological expert, pointed out the different constellations. In that clear air they seemed so much nearer. Then, suddenly, a thin point of light streaked across the sky—Sputnik II, racing in outer space across its homeland.

We awoke to a perfect morning. The sun was already hot, and the meadow was steaming as the dew evaporated. At the head of the valley glistened the white Bezingi Wall and the symmetrical pyramid of Gestola. A bearded old man was conversing with Eugene. He did not like our camping on his newly-mown hay. But his face lit up when Eugene told him we were English. He said his father remembered the first English climbers coming there in the last century.

Krushchev admirer

The old man wore a wide-brimmed, felt hat and a faded, blue, tattered, padded jacket. He was pleased to see us and said that, of course, we could stay where we were. He accepted a cup of coffee and sat down. He had great natural dignity.

We sat talking to the old man over breakfast. He told us of the wholesale evacuation of the valley as a reprisal for the help given to the Germans in 1941 and 1942. He was now a great admirer of Krushchev, who had allowed the tribes to return from exile in 1957 and had promised them new flocks of sheep and cattle.

After breakfast we loaded nine donkeys and a horse, and a strange job it was. The donkeys were about three feet high with thin, matchstick legs. Yet the Balkarians loaded each with about seventy pounds apiece, and all one could see was a mound of luggage supported by four tiny hooves. With some of us walking ahead to encourage the beasts and some behind to drive them we set off up the valley through unbelievably beautiful meadows.

The sun beat down and the sweat trickled down my bare back. There was silence all around except for the murmur of the river below and the swishing of the flowers against my legs.

We were now truly in the heart of the Caucasus. Around us were grouped Shkhara, Dykh-tau and Koshtantau, the three highest mountains in the Caucasus—indeed in Europe—except for Elbrus, which holds no interest for mountaineers. It was the most exciting area of mountains in Europe.

The difficult decision now had to be made: who was to climb with whom, and on which route? Here we began to appreciate John Hunt's qualities of leadership and his experience. Nobody wanted to speak out, but John Hunt

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"We've got to make people think," says Wade. To impress traffic-sense on children he employs a knight in armour

Your town, too, can make roads safe for children

by **ALAN LLOYD**

The squeamish hate George Wade's shock tactics. But with horror, gore, guile and humour he has driven death right off the streets

Two years ago a Hampstead florist startled shoppers with one of the most bizarre window displays ever seen in this country. One side of the shop front was filled with bouquets, greetings telegrams and the paraphernalia of a wedding, the other with wreaths, funeral cards and a coffin.

The tableau, exhorting passers-by to "be on the safe side" and take care on the roads, was devised by George Wade, the borough's road safety officer, as part of a unique, no-holds-barred struggle to keep tragedy out of the borough.

Last year 717 children under fifteen were killed on the roads in Britain. But in Hampstead no child of school age has been killed on the road since 1.45 p.m. on June 9, 1947. Hampstead's twelve-year record has been achieved despite the fact that thirty-four schools in the borough are located among some of the busiest thoroughfares in the country. At one intersection, three and a half thousand vehicles pass every hour between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.

While the total number of road casualties in Britain continued to rise drastically during the first six months of this year (one person was killed about every ninety minutes and one injured about every ninety seconds), the number of casualties in Hampstead declined, and nobody was killed in the borough during this period.

A victim helps

"Our strategy is first to make people *feel*, then to make them *think*, and then to *act*," says Wade, an energetic northerner who was formerly a traffic officer in the Shanghai police.

To implement the first phase in this three-part plan, Wade once made use of a ten-year-old schoolboy who had been injured by a lorry. While the boy was still heavily bandaged, Wade took him on a series of surprise visits to cinemas, where the child admitted that the accident had been his fault and warned audiences that they should take greater care.

"I was nearly killed," he said. "*You* might be tonight, tomorrow or the day after. . . ."

Unlike many local authorities, which have been reluctant to employ shock tactics, Hampstead's road safety department deliberately assaults the emotions as a preliminary to occupying the mind.

It has displayed wrecked bicycles and cars, constructed gory tableaux with dummies depicting children under the wheels of vehicles (one of these produced three hundred applications for cycling tests within a week) and even persuaded cinema managers to put out the lights, unannounced, during their programmes and play a record of a road accident, complete with screeching brakes, screams and ambulance bells.

"As long as people can avoid reality, their minds reject responsibility," says Wade. "It is natural to sublimate unpleasant things. So we use realism to stimulate thought."

Three years ago, after a series of accidents outside Belsize Park Tube station in which three people were seriously hurt and one killed, Wade employed relays of Boy Scouts to observe where and how people crossed the road. He discovered that two people out of every five crossed haphazardly, ignoring a pedestrian crossing outside the station.

Wade promptly phoned a young

Wade stages realistic road safety tableaux with dummies. One led to three hundred people applying for cycling tests within a week. Another of Wade's ideas was to shout loudspeaker comments at jay-walkers

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

I meet the Long Fellow

THERE is an impish, small boy side to my nature that finds delight in ironic situations. When, not long ago, I drove up to the official residence in Phoenix Park of Mr. de Valera, the new, third President of the Republic of Ireland, I was relishing the thought of meeting "Dev," the old rebel, in the house that had once been his enemies' vice-regal lodge.

It was like calling on Archbishop Makarios in Sir Hugh Foot's old Cyprus home, a thing I may do yet. History, particularly our history, takes some ironic twists. Nkruma, of Ghana, first to hear of the possibility of a new Royal child, was in a British prison when Princess Anne was born.

Now, at the age of seventy-six, de Valera had been persuaded to accept an office of high honour and little power. "The Long Fellow," as Collins used to call him in the 1916 rising against the British, was very kindly receiving me in the old vice-regal lodge.

I was greeted by a man now very much at peace. The voice of this great man surprised me. Behind prim, steel-rimmed spectacles are hawk-eyes, now dimmed. They do say in Dublin bars that his sight is now so bad that people twelve feet away from him on a public platform can read his huge-lettered notes better than he can.

I wished to tell him, but did not, that when I was a boy of eleven, in 1919, I remember hearing with excitement and delight of the escape from Lincoln jail of an Irish rebel with the improbable name of de Valera. My pleasure was not political; I never could endure the thought of anyone—man, beast or bird—being behind bars.

To a boy who made a practice of going round letting birds out of cages without so much as by-your-leave, de Valera's escape from Lincoln seemed a bold and splendid adventure.

High Adventure

He had taken an impress of the prison priest's master-key in the wax of an altar candle. Then he sent comic drawings to Ireland, which were really outlines of that key, and in due course and after a certain amount of trial and error, he received in the heart of an iced cake a key that he was able to use to regain his freedom.

I remembered this high adventure, four decades ago, when I looked at him, aware that he was striving to look at me with less success.

I felt if anyone had been asked to guess which of the two of us had such a swashbuckling past, which was the man who was familiar with the inside of half a dozen English jails, I am afraid that, of two improbables, I looked the more likely man.

By good luck, more than good management, I touched on a subject that is nearest to his heart.

I told him of the time when I wanted to become a citizen of the Irish Free State. In those days I could only earn my living as a schoolmaster, and I could not face having to learn Irish, which was a compulsory subject in the schools—de Valera's schools.

With great skill and almost convincing charm de Valera set out to prove to me that the language he had worked so hard to revive is not so hard as all that. Now that he is withdrawn from the heat of controversy and the hurly-burly of politics, I gathered that Eamon de Valera would die happy if he could excite in the Irish people a desire to learn Irish.

Irish-English

I wanted to point out to him that there is, in truth, a very fine Irish language or, rather, Irish way of speaking and using English. Just try to write a couple of sentences in the manner of Synge or Yeats or any other of the figures of the Irish Literary Revival. It cannot be done—an Englishman betrays himself immediately. We just do not talk the same language as the eloquent old men with porter-flecked moustaches in the bars of Cork or Dublin. They can shame even me into respectful silence.

But no, de Valera was set on reviving the old language of Ireland. I wished him well, though I think he has little hope of success.

If I lived in Dublin or anywhere in Ireland, I should be put off by the language cranks, the kind of people who have their names and addresses in the telephone directory in the ancient, classical characters. The result is that hardly a soul can find them to ring them up. Perhaps it does not matter but it must certainly limit their acquaintances.

Some say that de Valera has killed the Irish language by attempting to force it on the people. It may be so. But I thought, as I drove away from the old man, in the great house of his enemies of long ago, of the last line of a poem by Padraig Pearse, the poet of the Rising. *"Do not remember my failures but remember this my faith."*

De Valera's failure to impose the Irish language might be cranky. His faith in his country, however, still shone magnificently in his tired, old eyes. THE END

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Hampstead photographer, Edward Partin, and asked him to stand at the roadside and make a cine-film of people who behaved without caution. The completed film was screened, conspicuously, in a nearby shop window and later shown in the local cinemas.

Partin's revealing camera shamed his victims, and others, into using more care. A count taken after the film had been displayed showed that only one person in twelve was continuing to disregard the pedestrian crossing, and there have been no accidents at the spot since.

Hampstead's police chief, Superintendent Henry Price, who works closely with the road safety department, joined the drive against carelessness by posting policemen with mobile loudspeakers in bad areas. His men issued blunt and pertinent commentaries on pedestrian behaviour and motorists' driving.

It's 'brainwashing'

The method was effective, though not universally popular. A careless woman pedestrian who had been the subject for an eloquent constable, Tim O'Sullivan, threatened to report him to his superior.

"People were embarrassed," says Wade. "They were *feeling* something. We were getting somewhere."

So thorough is Hampstead's road safety scheme that it has been described as a "benevolent brainwashing campaign." There are road safety lectures, films, sermons, demonstrations, carnivals, quizzes, posters, maps, bookmarkers, competitions and surveys. Symbolic hands and eyes point and watch from stickers on hoardings, lamp-posts and dustbins.

One local newspaper commented on the intensity of the campaign: "We don't like it. It intrudes. But it is worth it."

The amount of co-operation the safety department has achieved is a triumph partly of personality and public relations technique. "When Wade phones me," says a well-known Hampstead citizen, "he spends five minutes telling me what a good chap I am, and four seconds telling me what he wants me to do." Wade calls this "sugaring the pill."

Indoctrination commences in the infant schools and ends in the old people's clubs.

For the infants, the road safety department issues special poems written by the head of a Hampstead school, and gives prizes for their recitation.

Teddy bears, too

A typical poem, "My Teddy," drives home the theme in its closing lines:

Oh! I hug my little Teddy
'Cos I really love him so.
That's why I teach him safety rules,
So that he can grow
Into a great big bear for me
And never be a casualty.

Six thousand Hampstead children between the ages of seven and eleven have had a week's correspondence course from the road safety department. Their parents were sent a list of safety rules and a questionnaire requesting a day-by-day account of their children's road behaviour. The form had to be completed over a period of a week, and signed by the parents. More than ninety per cent of the forms distributed were completed and returned. The children were then given special badges.

One mother wrote: "Please send my little girl a road safety badge. She's seven years old and spends so long doing her kerb drill that if I take her shopping in the morning I have to start an hour earlier than usual to be home in time to get lunch."

More than 1,300 children, from every school in the borough, have passed cycling tests supervised by the police and the safety department, and spot-checks on children's cycles are made at the schools and in the streets.

Last year Wade wrote fifty-three letters to parents whose children were found to be riding bicycles which were either defective or too large. "I need to write fewer letters of this type each year," he says.

He tries to persuade all cyclists to take the test. An entire family—husband, wife and two children—have passed, and also a man of eighty-seven.

A constant watch is kept for "black spots" in the borough. Road maps are issued to schools, pubs, shops, libraries and restaurants, with up-to-date casualties plainly marked where they occurred.

Special attention is paid to unusual features that recur in accident reports. Out of nine accidents involving injuries to pedestrians at a junction in Finchley Road, Hampstead, it was found in December, 1957, that seven of them had taken place in the hours of darkness. The street lighting in the vicinity seemed good, but Wade took a car and made several approaches to the spot at night, getting assistants to cross the road in front of him. At first he spotted them easily. Then one of the pedestrians seemed to disappear as he drew near.

He had discovered a weakness in the lighting which produced a hazy effect in one small area. Within two days the borough engineer had installed a new street light. There has been only one accident at the spot since—the result of a skid.

Another time, after a series of accidents at a five-road junction, Wade found that a pedestrian crossing was partly obscured when buses were standing at a nearby bus stop. The matter was quickly raised with the bus company, and the bus stop was moved back forty-five yards. The accident rate diminished.

The people of Hampstead are not yet road perfect. One day, during the safety drive, Carmine de Felice, a Roman Catholic priest, stopped his car suddenly to avoid a woman with a pram who had swung into the road near his church. His vehicle was rammed in the back by a motor-cycle.

Sermons on safety

"She wasn't in the least concerned," the priest says. "She didn't even give the motor-cyclist or myself a smile for managing to avoid her."

Father de Felice, who believes that courtesy is contagious, later preached a sermon to his congregation on "the moral aspect" of road safety. Hampstead clergymen of all denominations have helped the safety department by "reminders" from the pulpit and in their church magazines.

Earlier this summer, when Wade organized a road safety survey in the borough, five thousand replies were received, including more than five hundred suggestions for making the roads even safer.

It was advocated that people driving in a selfish manner should have the numbers of their cars published in the local newspapers; that drunken drivers should go to prison without option of a fine, whether involved in accidents or not; that careless pedestrians should be fined; that drivers who wear glasses should have the fact stamped on their licences to discourage them from driving without them for reasons of vanity (it was claimed that women often do this); and that number plates should be larger to remind motorists of their responsibility, and to reduce hit-and-run offences.

Hampstead's road safety department never stops looking for new ideas. Wade was recently passing a tailor's shop in a main road when a number of expensively dressed tailor's dummies in the window caught his eye.

He had a word with the owner of the shop.

Next time he passed, the dummies had been divested of their immaculate suits, dishevelled, and swathed in bandages as a further reminder about danger on the roads.

Wade sums it up quite simply. "We've got to keep hammering at people all the time," he insists. "If *we* miss them, someone else will hit them." THE END

Son of the dales

by DUDLEY HOYS
ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

A man like Jim could never work underground. But Peggie didn't realize that . . . she had to make him try

LEANING on the stackyard gate, his arm about Peggie Dent's waist, Jim Braithwaite was watching the twilit dale in utter content. The past few hours had been a kind of view-day prior to asking Peggie to wed him. He had shown her over the house and the small farm of thirty-six acres. He had introduced her to the two milk cows, and pointed out a few of the Herdwick sheep that happened to be in sight on the lower skirts of the fell. He had explained how in five years his father would be retiring and then the place would be theirs.

"Well, lass," he said at last, "what's it to be?"

Her brown eyes were kind. But her voice was decisive. "No," she said.

The blow might have been physical. He jerked back a little, staring. "Peg, you can't mean it."

"I do, my dear."

"But—but we've been courting since May, and I've always thought. . . ."

"I know you have, and you're right. It isn't that I don't love you."

"What is it, then?" he said, bewildered.

She said in a quiet, steady voice: "You and I have been brought up different. You're country and I'm town. That wouldn't matter if . . ."

"If what?"

"If you weren't content to stick in a rut. Just think of it. At twenty-four you're still satisfied to get no more than pocket money here."

"It's usual in these parts," Jim said. "Besides, Throstleholme wouldn't stand big wages."

"That only proves what I'm saying. Even if we had the place to ourselves, it would be too small to get anywhere. We'd be scraping and screwing, on and on and on. Why, you could be earning twelve pounds a week right now in the iron mines yonder." She jerked her head towards the coast.

"Work down some black pit?"

Peggie laughed affectionately. "Pits are coal. Mines are iron. And they're reddish, not black, clean and airy. My father's been at the job for forty years."

"Lass, I couldn't."

"How d'you know you couldn't until you've tried?" She was looking him up and down, at his rather solemn face, his wide shoulders, his tall, agile figure. "They'd jump at a strong young chap like you, Jim. Let me have a word with Father. He'll fix it."

JIM winced, gazed about at the open, airy splendour of the peaks and ridges. Quicker-minded than he, Peggie went on: "It isn't as if you'd be leaving your own father in the lurch. There's scarcely work for more than one here. You said so yourself."

Jim said simply: "You mean either I chuck farming and go into the mine, or you chuck me?"

"Not quite." Her voice became soft and coaxing, her smile intimate and persuasive, so that he felt his resistance weakening more every second. "Give it a trial. That's what I'm asking."

"But, lass, slaving underground!"

She laughed. "Don't talk daft. Wait till you've seen an iron mine. You'll change your ideas. Father could show you round tomorrow. Be outside the gates at half past seven. You've got your motorbike."

Jim tried to mumble an excuse. But in the end he

Peggie smiled and said: "Give it a trial," and Jim felt all his fear of going down the mine ebbing away

continued from previous page

agreed to be shown round, and punctually next morning he met Peggie's father outside the entrance to the Whinscale mine. The mere sight of the corrugated iron fencing and the scrubby, derelict land around made him grimace.

Bill Dent, a steady, confident man, thick set and grey-haired, led him into a small room adjoining the offices. "We'll fix you up with a helmet and overalls, lad," he said. "Then down we go."

Stepping into the cage gave Jim a queasy sensation. To be edging along a narrow crag after a marooned ewe, that was a decent, clean sort of danger. But to go diving down into the bowels of the earth. . . .

The cage jerked, dropped. Almost before Jim could be aware of a queer flutter in the stomach, they were stepping out.

The first surprise was the width and height of the main avenue, well lit by electric light. The second was the fresh taste of the air. The third came as Bill steered him into a cubby-hole carved in the wall of the avenue, sat down at a table, glanced at a sheet of figures, stuffed a pipe and lit it.

"Nay, lad," he said, giving a grunt of amusement, "no danger of blowing up. Iron mines are gey different from coal pits."

Within ten minutes Jim had forgotten his uneasiness; all his attention was gripped by the novelty of the workings, the trucks lumbering along with their loads of ore, red-coated by hematite slime, the shafts running one above another and connected by ladders ascending vertical funnels, and the kidney ore itself—the shape of clustered kidneys—projecting from the mined walls.

Presently Bill guided him along a side-shaft. "I'm going to show you a new job we're at," he said. "Prospecting, you might call it. They reckon there are old workings around this section, a hundred, two hundred years old. But we're that busy elsewhere, there's no machinery to spare. It's all pick work, and I'm in charge."

The shaft grew narrower and began to slope upwards. Light came from an occasional battery-lamp parked on the floor of the shaft. Here and there were puddles of red sludge. They passed a point where the wall of the shaft curved, and Bill said: "The old maps show a worked coal seam near yon. That's why we've steered clear. Don't want no risk of fire-damp."

There were rattlings and clinkings ahead. A slung acetylene lamp threw a big arc towards the face of the shaft. Bill grinned at it and pointed.

"That belongs to the old days. Aye We always used acetylene when I was a bit of a lad." He raised his voice. "Hallo. How's it going?"

One of three figures hacking away with picks said, "Okey dokey." Bill introduced them. There was Stan, tall, elderly and grave; Tubby, who had a wide, humorous mouth; and Mike, a thin lad of about seventeen.

They watched awhile. As they turned away, Bill said: "Well, Jim, it's a job you could do fine. What about it?"

Jim wrinkled his forehead. "Dunno yet. I'll think it over."

Bill prodded him in the ribs. "Go and ask Peg. She'll make up your mind."

His advice was genial and prophetic. Jim started at the mine the following Monday, still reluctant, but willing to have a go, for the sake of love. There was at least the attraction that, by leaving Throstleholme a little earlier and going home later, he could see Peg twice every day. And the new sweetness she showed towards him more than compensated for those hours underground hacking at a red wall instead of tramping the green meadows, or plodding aloft through brackens and heather, the breeze in his face and the vast bowl of the sky above.

At mid-morning on the Friday of that week he and the rest of the team stopped picking for a short break. Tubby and Mike fished for their bait-tins and began to nibble bread and cheese.

They were talking about the local football team. Bill Dent joined in with an occasional comment. In a ruminative fashion he was looking back along the shaft towards the bend. He poked out an indicating thumb.

"There's a little crack yonder. Nobbut a hairline. Likely it's nowt to signify, but I'd best stick a bit of plaster across. Nay," he went on with a chuckle, as he saw Jim's look of wonder, "it isn't to stick the walls together, lad. It serves as a warning. If the crack widens a tenth of an inch, it'll bust."

Mike was talking enthusiastically. "That second goal was a fair capper," he said. "The way he side-stepped and. . . ."

He got no further. There was a huge, blurred flash, a rumbling roar. Jim's body hit the slimy floor with a force that drove the breath out of him. For a second or two he lay gasping, his mind dimmed by the violence of the noise. The air seemed to drain away and then rush back, almost solid in its pressure, so that the thump of it jarred his spine and sprayed sickness up his throat.

There was another rush of sounds, a splintering and clanking and stony cascading. Water swept across his prostrate shoulders and face. As he scrambled to his feet, the water was swirling past his knees, rising up to his waist.

Vaguely, he heard Bill Dent bawling: "Hang on, lads. Stay where y'are."

Light had vanished. Jim could hear the swirl of the flood, the gasping and struggling of his mates. He could feel the increasing pressure of the water trying to sweep him along the downward slope of the shaft. He could see nothing whatever. It was sheer, blind blackness.

Next he became aware that his right hand still gripped the pickshaft. With all his strength he leaned on the submerged head of it, jamming the point into the drowned floor to serve as an anchor.

Bill Dent was yelling, his voice steady enough: "Answer, lads! Stan!"

"Aye."

There were "ayes" from Tubby and Jim, and a thin, frightened yelp from Mike. Bill called out to encourage him. "Stick it, young Mike. You'll be watching 'em play tomorrow, that you will. This ruddy water will drop soon. You'll feel better when it's down to paddling depth."

Stan spoke solemnly out of the blackness. "What'll it have been?"

"The crack in that bend must have gone right through to an old coal working," said Bill. "Aye. There's been a leak of fire-damp, and once it reached acetylene. . . ."

His sodden flesh chilling, Jim asked: "Where's all this water fra?"

Bill spoke with the authority of a veteran. "The explosion will have smashed through the front of the gallery we were working on. As I've told you lads, there's been a deal of mining round here in t'past. There weren't no precautions. Them old chaps bored anyhow, anywhere."

Tubby joined in. "That's so. There's farms south of this where the ground's caved in with scarce a warning."

"I reckon," said Bill, "that the

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Stereophonic Sally

I quite often find Sally on hands and knees, cutting out or doing exercises or just looking for something, but this time she had a tape measure and was measuring the carpet so intently that she jumped when I asked what on earth she was up to.

Sally sat back on her heels and said it was this stereophonic sound business. Apparently it wasn't good enough to have ordinary flat music —the bassoons should come from *here* and the strings from *there*, and trains could come right out of the wireless and run over you, which obviously made life more exciting.

But the whole thing depended on being an equilateral triangle, and she half suspected that it was a cunning ruse to make people buy two sets. However, she'd brought the portable in from the kitchen and now the problem was how to get the triangle right. She was doing it by trial and error, and, however hard she tried, one side always came out shorter or longer than the other two.

We worked it out eventually with three bits of string knotted together, and Sally put one set at A and the other at B and a chair at C and said I must stay and listen. To make it geometrically correct we all had to squeeze on the chair C, me and Sally supporting the children and the dog on top, so concentrating on the programme was tricky.

It certainly sounded three—if not four—dimensional, almost like several different programmes at once; very effective. When I looked afterwards I saw one set was all right, but the portable was tuned to Paris.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Not So Dumb

Our dog can't say "I'd like" or "Please"
Or words that I'd give heed to,
But looking up with those great big
Brown eyes, he doesn't need to.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Dept. Of Utter Failure

1. I thought it better in the end to cut the legs off and call it a tray.

2. I lit the geyser exactly as the instructions said, Doctor.

3. I was reading him back my shorthand when he suddenly went out to lunch.

4. I always make straight for the Outsize Department, now.

5. I'd got my one hundred and seventy-nine lines word-perfect, but the producer said I could be a corpse.

6. I served it up as a fruit drink and tore up the jam labels.

ELDON CARRAN

The Experiment

Thinking he would like to know
What it was made mushrooms grow,
And hoping (being rather dim),
That it might do the same for him,
Sydney left the house at dawn,
Crossed the wet, dew-spangled lawn,
And settled down, among the spawn.

Some time later, Sydney waked,
And curiosity was slaked.
Looking down to gauge his size
He observed, with mild surprise,
That he measured (how? who knows!)
Fourteen feet, from head to toes.

What a lucky thing for Syd
That he wakened when he did!

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Dear Little Brother

Hallo. You're Mr. Willis, Eileen's piano teacher, aren't you?

That's right.

I'm her brother Robin. Why do you come so early? You were miles early last week, too.

I hope it's not inconvenient.

Not for me. Eileen's got to bolt her tea a bit, though. I expect you'd like something to eat again while you're waiting.

Well, if it's no bother——

None at all. Can you really clear a plate in ten seconds? Did Mummy actually time you?

I—I don't think I will have anything, thanks.

Play something, then. How about your own composition?

Not just now.

I know what it's called. It's called "Eileen," isn't it, and it's very spiritual.

Haven't you anything else to do?

Daddy told me to watch you. You like Eileen, don't you?

She's a very promising pianist.

She talks about you a lot.

Does she? I'm very flattered.

Yes. You get embarrassed about your hands being damp, don't you, and you turn pale and start shaking when you're excited. Do you think you've just started getting a bit excited now? I said do you. . . .

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Over here Johnny Dankworth's band is tops—and even Americans call for more when they hear the beat of his ice-cool music

by ROBERT HOLLES

Dankworth and his wife, Cleo Laine, first met when he gave her an audition. To his success has been added hers—as Britain's leading jazz singer

Now Britain gets a big noise in JAZZ

IN the gallery of a dance hall at Reading, the group of youths in velvet-trimmed Edwardian jackets and tight drainpipe trousers was getting restless. Below, Johnny Dankworth's orchestra was blaring out its special brand of modern jazz. Some of the youths had asked for rock 'n' roll numbers and been politely refused.

When Dankworth stepped forward, cradling his saxophone, to introduce the next item, the Teddy Boys could stand it no longer: they broke into a slow, derisive handclap. Dankworth looked up sharply, frowned, then turned to face his orchestra. The sixteen members put down their instruments and began clapping their hands in unison with the Teddy Boys.

Soon the organized protest petered out in confusion. Dankworth finished introducing his next number. The musicians picked up their instruments and played. . . .

"Maybe you'd call it stubborn," says Dankworth, a pale, rather intense looking jazzman who might easily be mistaken for a younger brother of Frank Sinatra, "but I've always been biased in favour of music."

His partiality for strict jazz, and his insistence on playing it despite any financial considerations, has made Dankworth Britain's top jazz musician, and ranked his orchestra alongside leading American jazz combinations. In a critics' poll conducted by *Melody Maker* in February, his orchestra was placed third in the world, after the Count Basie and Duke Ellington bands.

John Dankworth—few of his friends call him Johnny—has repeatedly won awards as Britain's top bandleader, arranger, composer and instrumentalist. He plays the clarinet and alto-sax. Since 1953 he has been the only leader of a big band in Britain to succeed in building up a following by consistently playing jazz. At a time when his orchestra was in the red and short of engagements, he turned one down because he was asked to include the "Hokey-Cokey."

Last year he rejected a well-paid tour of the United States, partly because his contract failed to guarantee that he would play to jazz enthusiasts and coloured people—the originators of jazz.

In 1956 Dankworth went with his staff arranger, Dave Lindup, to listen to a concert by the band of one of America's great jazz musicians, Lionel Hampton. The music was received with great applause, even by the purists who thought Hampton was leaning too far on the popular side.

Impatient purist

Half-way through the performance, the patience of one particular purist ran out. Dankworth's angry shout rang in the startled ears of Hampton's fans: "What about playing some jazz?"

Even at home he is always willing to discuss the finer points of his favourite subject. When his wife, Cleo Laine, was appearing in *Flesh To A Tiger* recently, the author of the play called on the Dankworths at their flat in Maida Vale. He asked Dankworth—and Lindup, who was also there—"Tell me something about jazz. I don't know the first thing about it." Dankworth began to outline his views. Lindup expanded on them. They soon disagreed on a technical point. Finally they started a heated argument.

Cleo Laine turned to the baffled playwright: "You see—it's not so easy to define."

Dankworth's band is composed of a rhythm group based upon the original Dankworth Seven, backed by a powerful brass section of trumpets and trombones. The sections combine to produce a blare of pulsating music. Rhythmic runs alternate with vivid contrapuntal passages. Occasional discordant blasts of sheer bellowing sound march through the music like giant punctuation marks.

Jazz fans term the more modern, restrained forms of jazz as "cool." Dankworth's music was once described by a teenage supporter as "couth, kempt, and shevelled."

But Dankworth himself refuses to put labels on various jazz forms. "Strict definitions are misleading. Jazz is largely improvised. Consequently the quality varies and there is no guaranteed standard of performance. The instrumentalists are to a large extent the composers—and they have to compose and play at the same time."

This improvisation is reflected in Dankworth's methods. At rehearsals, when he isn't playing, he will stand with one foot on the nearest table, scratching his ear and wagging a pencil at the orchestra like a pensive schoolmaster.

Each number is freely discussed between Dankworth and his musicians. Many of his most successful compositions are invented on the spur of the moment, hastily improvised, and only reach their final version when they are actually performed. By the time a score reaches the bandstand it has usually been altered so many times as to be unrecognizable. When Tolchard Evans, who composed "Lady Of Madrid," heard Dankworth's version on the radio he commented: "Tell John to write it down—it's a different composition altogether."

Once, when Dankworth was due to give a recital of a work called "Itinerary Of An Orchestra" at the Royal Festival Hall, the piece was unwritten until three days before the performance. Lindup joined the band at Gloucester to help with the score.

Ivor Novello award

He worked on it with Dankworth until 6 a.m. the following morning; then they carried on intermittently in cars, hotel rooms and coffee bars, while the orchestra moved on to Plymouth and Torquay. "Finally we finished it in John's dressing-room at the theatre," says Lindup. "He kept dashing in between numbers to make an alteration. We drove straight back to London, snatched a couple of hours' sleep, and John rehearsed the piece all the next morning.

"It was duly performed in the afternoon."

The work received the Ivor Novello award for the best rhythmic composition of 1956.

Being single-minded in the pursuit of jazz often causes Dankworth to forget less important things. Cleo complains that when he gets up in the morning he goes straight to the standard lamp in the sitting-room, removes the bulb and plugs in his electric razor. When she returns to the flat in the evening she has to stumble about in the dark trying to find out what Dankworth has done with the bulb.

He arrived at Shepperton film studios some months ago to record the background music for a film. Owing

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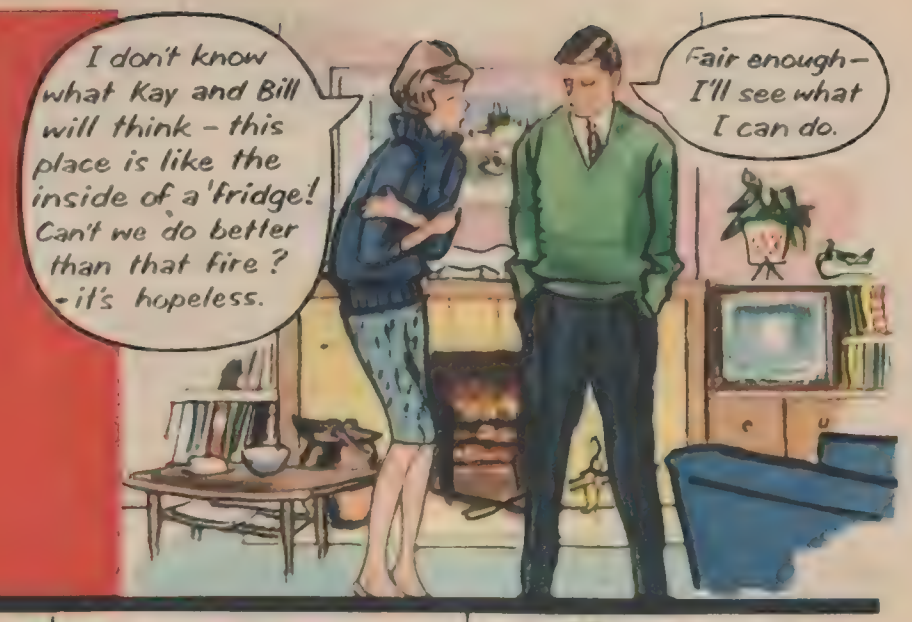
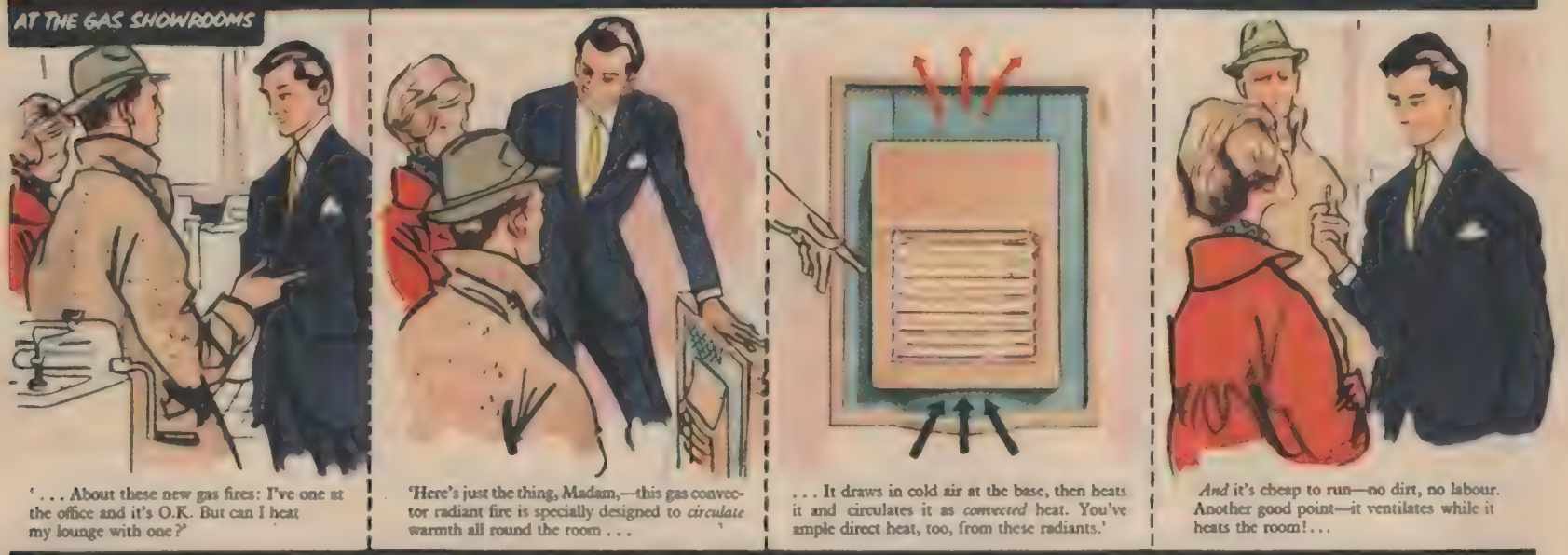
She was ashamed of her cold-hearted home!


I don't know what Kay and Bill will think – this place is like the inside of a 'fridge! Can't we do better than that fire? – it's hopeless.
Fair enough – I'll see what I can do.

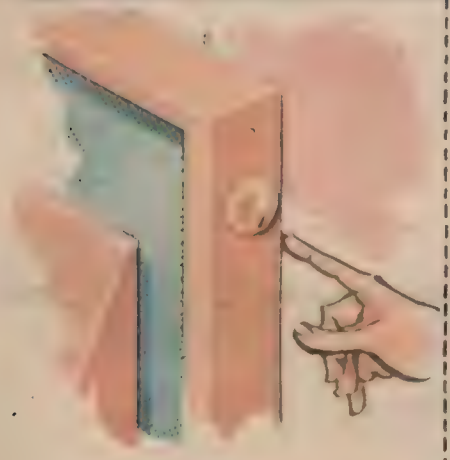


'. . . About these new gas fires: I've one at the office and it's O.K. But can I heat my lounge with one?'

'Here's just the thing, Madam,—this gas convector radiant fire is specially designed to *circulate* warmth all round the room . . .

. . . It draws in cold air at the base, then heats it and circulates it as *convected* heat. You've ample direct heat, too, from these radiants.'

And it's cheap to run—no dirt, no labour. Another good point—it ventilates while it heats the room! . . .



. . . you choose the heat you want with this selector —full on to start, then change down to half-on for constant comfort.'

'Good! When can we have it? The sooner the better: the least we can do is to give our friends a *warm* welcome!'

You want healthy all-round-the-room comfort . . .

only GAS can give it!

See the new gas fires at your Gas Showrooms

Issued by the Gas Council

Now the big tusker had death in his eyes —death for the man who had saved him

JUNGLE SAMARITAN

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

WHEN the Gulnagar Game Reserve was created, a few years ago, so that the magnificent animals of wild India might survive against civilization, young Mr. Chopra was put in charge, and he was a first-class man for the job. Travelled, educated, proud of his national heritage, he was determined to save it.

But one day he was confronted with the appalling problem of a wild tusker elephant which had somehow picked up a tangle of barbed wire round a leg.

Chopra was having breakfast on the veranda of his bungalow when one of his men came to him with the news.

"It's the Maharajah and he's in the Gargia Bagh," the orderly finished, naming a strip of dense jungle a few miles away.

"Come." Chopra rose. "We'll go and see. Perhaps it'll teach him not to visit cultivation!"

He and his orderly exchanged an ironic smile. Every week they received complaints—some genuine, but others faked in the hope of compensation, or permission to shoot—from jungle villagers about animals damaging their crops.

The old days of indiscriminate slaughter were not yet far behind them, and Chopra had got an uphill job teaching people that the jungle was theirs to be harvested with proper conservation, not burned and pillaged as they had done for thousands of years.

In this discouraging, often utterly unrewarding task, he was supported by two things. One was the change in public opinion, now coming in heavily on his side. The other was an efficient, enthusiastic staff, who knew as well as he did how valuable wild life was for the tourist trade of their country, thus bringing money into the land and affecting even those who lived in cities.

THE game staff were aware also that it was useless merely to declare a place a sanctuary; it must be properly patrolled to ensure that those who knew no better kept the law; and this they tried to do.

Their job was not made easier when animals attacked the crops of jungle villagers, whose reply was to bang away with illicit, antiquated fire-pieces which usually merely wounded the animals, some of whom were maimed, while others died in misery.

Now there was this elephant with wire on his leg.

The two men set off at once in a jeep. Chopra carried a rifle but only for mercy, and seldom used it. In his work in the jungle, though, human life might be threatened by, perhaps, a bad-tempered bear; or poachers might leave behind a cruelly wounded tiger or leopard.

The big tusker was still where he had last been seen, near a stagnant pool, and the men stopped on a rise that overlooked the place, too far off for him to hear their whispers, while they observed him through field glasses.

Great trees crowded about the swampy pond, so the air above it was as still as the water. Flies were playing there. Through his fine binoculars, Chopra could see their wings break the sunlight into colours as stagnation had done to the water below.

On the other side stood the elephant, in shadow. Always solitary and to be treated with respect, he was impressive, though drooping now with misery as he waited for the pain to be over. Not for nothing was he called the Maharajah. Chopra had measured his footprints and thus knew the tusker stood ten feet high at the shoulder.

AND when this king went into the Rapta to drink and slush, the fast clear water of that big river washed him till the wrinkles and few black hairs of his inch-thick hide let go the dust, twigs and mud which had caked there. Then he emerged as clean as a carved elephant, and sunlit water ran like brass from tusk and backbone. But now the muddy giant was grey with the dried slop which he had flung over his fevered body to cool it and draw off the pain.

Chopra pursed his lips as he studied the animal through binoculars, waiting for him to turn and show all sides. The position was serious. The barbed wire, tangled as thoroughly as wool or fishing line can knot itself, was biting all round into one hind leg; and in his efforts to rid himself of it, the elephant had injured both back legs, as well as his trunk. Beads and trickles of blood were dried like tar, and over them went the fresh crimson.

"A pity," the orderly sighed. "He was the finest elephant in our jungle."

But Chopra said quickly: "I'm not going to shoot him."

The orderly also was of the new young generation, yet he felt bound to say: "Oh, sir, he is in pain. Look at the way he is standing. Look at his eyes. With that wire on his leg, he may at any time get caught up somewhere and starve to death. Or else he will become too ill to live. Then he'll hide, and we shall not be able to find him to put him out of his suffering."

"There hasn't been a *keddah* in these forests for fifty years," replied his

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In July, 1939, A.T.S. recruits trickled in from offices and factories. Within weeks, Britain was at war: the rush was on

THE WOMEN WHO

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

their own story . . . how from site they partnered our army to

IN blacked-out Rushy Hall camp near Glasgow, 491 (Mixed) Battery, Heavy Anti-Aircraft, of the Royal Artillery was spending an evening in 1941 preparing for battle casualties. At the height of a full exercise an officer was moving around the guns and equipment handing out slips of paper which told a gunner or spotter what sort of casualty he had suddenly become.

If he or she was "slightly wounded" they had to carry on with reduced efficiency; if "incapacitated" he had to be immediately replaced by someone on the battery, as in actual action.

Corporal "Rosie" Rose, of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, was in the sandbagged plotting room, wearing earphones and passing orders up to the guns. A piece of paper was thrust into her hand. She took one look at it and collapsed immediately right across the plotting board.

There was a moment of rank confusion as the routine was interrupted. Men and women soldiers rushed to help her. Someone prised the earphones off her head, donned them, and began again to pass orders to the guns. Corporal Rose was carried to the rest centre, where her friend Corporal Edna Middleton was dealing with casualties, even to the extent of sending some by truck as far as the hospital gates in Glasgow.

"What's supposed to be the matter with you, Rosie?" asked Corporal Edna. But she got no answer, for Rosie was helpless in a fit of the giggles. "They've sacked me," she finally spluttered, and she waved her casualty label in the air. It read: "You are about to have a baby. Discharged immediately under Paragraph 11."

The ladies who are now the Mums of Britain were at war. . . .

It had started in the regulation way with drill on the barrack square, but not always with the regulation ferocity. "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up," yelled Sergeant Dowdling on the square of the Duke of York's Headquarters at Chelsea. "You're soldiers now, not mannequins. There's a lady on my right who thinks she has two left legs. Left, *right*, left, *right*, you're marching—not hiking, lady!"

The A.T.S., a body agreed in principle during the summer of 1938, was formed in a three-day fever at the height of the Munich crisis in September. At the beginning of the war it was 17,000 strong. At its peak of over 200,000 in 1943 the girls in uniform were more numerous than Britain's peacetime male army.

Soldiering family

At the first call, when jobs were offered only for motor drivers, clerks, cooks and orderlies, the rush was overwhelming and many units were complete in three days. A widow and her twenty-six year old daughter went to the headquarters of the London Scottish in Westminster. "We come from a family of soldiers," they said. "We want to be in this together."

Those who enrolled in peacetime included a large proportion of the leisured classes.

Half of the 130 in one week's class at Chelsea barracks arrived in their own cars, which they parked on the parade ground. When they attended lectures the radiators of the drill hall were swathed with their furs.

Of the first county directors it was said that twenty-seven had titles and only two were plain "Mrs." But by the first weeks of the war there were only twenty-six titles among the 296 women finally selected as officers. Yet later a government committee of expenditure recommended the removal of inefficient officers and accelerated promotion by merit. "Too little has been done," it stated, "to remove those found to be inefficient."

But the willingness to serve was strong throughout the country. Fourteen-year-old Violet Hayden, of Greenford, Middlesex, was promised a post as bugle girl because of her keenness. Her father had served at Jutland and her mother in the Women's Land Army.

The oldest recruit was Evelyn Wyberg, of Overton, Flintshire, who had been playing hockey for Wales in the 1890s. At the age of seventy-five she damned her conscience, looked the recruiting clerk straight in the eye, and said she was fifty-five. She spent much of the war on a bicycle as a mobile clerk in Western Command, and came out with the B.E.M.

The Germans, who had swallowed Czechoslovakia and Austria and were completing their plans against Britain, trembled with anger at the formation of our women's army. "Oh, Holy Patrick!" raved Dr. Goebbel's mouthpiece, *Angriff*. "Our young women are being trained to become good mothers. Over there a cannon instead of a soup-ladle is put into the women's hands."

Not all British serving soldiers welcomed the women. A private of the 2nd Lincolns, lent to the A.T.S. as chief stoker, tried to resign from the honour. "It embarrasses me to see all those stockings and smalls hanging in my boiler room," he moaned. Commandant Collins sternly ordered him back to blushful duty.

But at the end of the camp one girl corporal got five letters in four days from a man in the Lincolns who had met her in the cookhouse. And throughout the war men drill instructors had the astonishing experience of receiving letters of thanks from girls whom they had put through square-bashing.

Ill-fitting uniforms

In homes and camps throughout Britain women stopped their work at eleven in the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939, and listened to the sad voice of Neville Chamberlain announcing Britain's entry into war. Now the rush to join the A.T.S. was on with a vengeance. At the kitting depots the general mood was of irrepressible laughter, for nobody's uniform seemed to fit.

It was army policy to issue tunics a size too large in the expectation—which was always justified—that the vigorous open-air life would develop the girls to fill out the uniforms. Shoes were issued one pair at a time, since

A.T.S. girls operate a sound locator on an anti-aircraft site. In 1941 they went into action on the "home front" and several girls were killed

MARCHED TO WAR

THE A.T.S WAS BORN. This is drill square, cookhouse and gun victory

by ALLEN ANDREWS

feminine feet released from the constriction of high-heeled shoes expanded to their natural shape.

But the same optimism seemed to apply to the issue of underwear. Private Allen, from Yorkshire, recalls: "Ours was a very small unit, and if they hadn't got your size you were issued with whatever size they had, which they were supposed to change when they could. I had a pair of khaki silk bloomers that I could hold under my chin and they reached below my knees. I kept them through the war, just to produce at kit inspection."

In the vigorous marching on the barrack square the inevitable often happened. "For heaven's sake step out of them," roared a regimental sergeant-major to a girl who had been reduced from a quick march to a shuffle. "Leave them for me to pick up." The prospect of these accidents on ceremonial occasions reduced strong men to ulcers.

Clothing in anything but stock sizes was so scarce that many girls spent weeks in a combination of their own clothes and khaki.

The first night spent in barracks was always strained. The queueing, the excitement and the laughs were stilled. Here were fifty girls in a barrack room of double bunks, and very shy.

"I don't think any of us had ever undressed in front of a stranger before," said one woman. "We stood by our bunks without a word, looking out of the corners of our eyes. Then a girl said 'Oh, hell,' and took off her shirt. In one wave we all hastily undressed and climbed into bed. But there was sobbing from half the bunks that night."

The jobs the women took expanded from the four original categories to eighty trades. Private Hearn, of Dorset, had to drive a bowser like a petrol tanker round eight gun sites near Birmingham to deliver water. At each site she had to start the water siphoning into the storage by sucking it through a pipe.

"I swallowed gallons a day and it always tasted awful," she said.

Job for a barmaid

Some girls were kennel-maids at the War Dogs Training School. Phyllis King, of Wroughton, Swindon, volunteered for the Army Blood Transfusion Service and bottled blood all day. Her friends thought it a peculiar choice; first, because she once used to faint at the sight of blood and, secondly, because her previous job had been as a barmaid.

One girl had to know the technical names of 30,000 engine and armament parts—in Russian. A.T.S. girls in the plotting-rooms along the radar-bristling South Coast endured long-distance shelling from the French coast as they charted the ships passing down the Channel. They plotted the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen, and hung on to the Munsterland for two hours before coastal artillery sank her.

Much of the rigour and the excitement of the war the women fought was in the service of the artillery.

"I was convinced," wrote General Pile, commanding the ack-ack defence of Britain, "that the women would actually perform their duties more efficiently than some of the low-category men who were being allotted to us."

Winston Churchill enthusiastically approved of mixed batteries, and put his daughter Mary in one. They went speedily to training camps and suffered the grandeurs and miseries of all operational training.

But the mixed batteries got on fast, and consistent shooting at practice camps often scored a direct hit. "In peacetime," reported an officer, "there would have been polite clapping from the gunnery staff and spectators, and a few shamefaced grins from the command posts and the guns. But the A.T.S. abandoned their instruments and danced about hugging each other and crowing with delight."

The women were really getting down to war. . . .

In an extremely isolated military post at Thurso in the north of Scotland two agitated A.T.S. girl clerks—the only women in uniform in the area—were awaiting a rare inspection by their senior commandant, then the equivalent rank of major. It was May, 1940, the occasion of the German blitz on Holland and Belgium which was shortly to lead to Dunkirk. The immediate effect of this attack was that British troops were hastily withdrawn from Norway.

Eight thousand soldiers who had not eaten for five days were, in fact, at that moment a few miles off Thurso in a flotilla of destroyers. As Senior Commandant Belinda Boyle arrived to conduct her miniature inspection, the ravenous troops were put ashore.

The local military commander was a second-lieutenant in charge of a rest camp. He had no adequate stores and it was impossible to bring any in quickly for two reasons: security drill was so severe that he was forbidden to use the telephone; and Thurso lay at the end of a single-track railway line. The only train was at *his* end, after having carried the A.T.S. inspecting officer.

Local conscription

It was Senior Commandant Boyle who took command of the situation. The only useful army forms her girl clerks could provide her with were a sheaf of billeting orders. Using them as requisition demands she commandeered—against future payment by the government—a flock of sheep, a field of cabbages and the stock of the local grocer.

She then introduced temporary conscription and embodied in the auxiliaries of the Crown the local butcher, a troop of Boy Scouts and some willing housewives. She promoted in the field her two clerks to the local rank of sergeant, and set them in charge of detailed operations.

The butcher slaughtered the sheep, the housewives cut them up, and the scouts gathered the cabbages. Further billeting orders brought in a new bath and various cauldrons, boilers and buckets.

Stewed mutton was then prepared for

continued on page 32

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JEEVES

A sparklin

ANY of my friends will tell you that Bertie Wooster is a man who can think on his feet. And so when Mrs. Cream caught me searching her son Wilbert's room I had no difficulty in offering a plausible reason. I told her I was looking for a mouse.

This went down big the first time; on the second occasion we ran across each other in Wilbert's room, however, she seemed to suspect I was a bit *non compos*. Naturally, I couldn't explain that I was looking for a cow-creamer which I thought Wilbert Cream had snitched from my Uncle Tom's collection of antique silver . . . Uncle T. Portarlington-Travers was on the point of clinching a big deal with Wilbert's father and we had to keep all the Creams smooth.

Aunt Dahlia had invited me to Brankley Court, where the Creams were staying, to keep an eye on Wilbert. And she had got Sir Roderick Glossop, the famous looney specialist, to keep two eyes on him. Sir Roderick, disguised as Swordfish, the butler, was helping me to recover the missing cow-creamer. My aunt hoped that he would also produce proof that Wilbert was barmy.

You see, my old prep. school head, the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn and his stepdaughter, Phyllis Mills, were also guests at Brankley —though the Rev. Aubrey had been up in London for the last couple of days or so—and Wilbert seemed to be on the point of proposing to Phyllis. With Sir Roderick's help, my aunt hoped to convince Upjohn that Wilbert was an unsuitable mate for Phyllis.

Meanwhile, I and my old schoolchum, "Kipper" Herring—on leave from his job on the *Thursday Review*—were preventing Wilbert and Phyllis from getting too *tête-à-tête*. There had been a bit of a misunderstanding between us over *The Times* announcement of my engagement to Kipper's girl-friend, Bobbie Wickham, but I had just cleared that up. Bobbie had done it to shock her mother—her theory being that when she explained it was a mistake and that she was really marrying not Wooster but the stalwart Kipper, her mother would be dizzy with relief.

Kipper was pretty dizzy with relief, too, when I told him the plot. But then he blanched at the memory of the angry letter he had written to Bobbie. He telephoned too late to prevent her reading it. She told him she would marry Wooster after all.

Something had to be done quickly and I started doing it. I legged it to my car and set off for Herne Bay, where my man Jeeves was on holiday. The situation seemed to need a brain in top trim. . . .

Wooster takes the plunge

Operation Upjohn was planned

PART THREE

It's considerably more than a step from Brankley Court to Herne Bay. It was past midnight before I fetched up at journey's end. And when I rolled round to Jeeves's address on the morrow, I was informed that he had gone out early and they didn't know when he would be back. Leaving word for him to ring me at the Drones Club, I returned to the metropolis and was having the pre-dinner keg of nails when his call came through.

"Mr. Wooster? Good evening, sir. This is Jeeves."

"And not a moment too soon," I said. "Where have you been all this time?"

"I had an appointment to lunch with a friend in Folkestone, sir, and while there was persuaded to extend my visit in order to judge a seaside bathing belles contest."

"No, really? How did it go off?"

"Quite satisfactorily, sir, thank you."

"Who won?"

"A Miss Marlene Higgins of Brixton, sir, with Miss Lana Brown of East Dulwich honourably mentioned. Both most attractive young ladies."

"Shapely?"

"Extremely so."

"Well, let me tell you, Jeeves, and you can paste this in your hat, shapeliness isn't everything in this world. I have a terrible tale to unfold. Are you listening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then hold on to your hat and don't miss a word."

When I had finished unfolding, Jeeves said: "I can readily appreciate your concern, sir. I will come to Brankley Court immediately."

This exhibition of the feudal spirit touched me deeply. "Will you really? I hate to interrupt your holiday."

"Not at all, sir."

"You can resume it later."

"If that is convenient to you, sir."

"But now——"

"Precisely, sir. Now if I may borrow a familiar phrase——"

"Is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party?"

"The very words I was about to employ, sir. I will be with you at as early an hour tomorrow as is possible."

"And we'll drive down together. Right," I said, and went off to my simple but wholesome dinner. . . .

So, it was with—well, not quite an uplifted heart, say a heart lifted about half-way— that I started out for Brankley Court on the following afternoon. The thought that Jeeves was at my side, his fish-fed brain at my disposal, caused a sliver of silver lining.

When we were out of the London traffic and it was possible to converse without bumping into buses and pedestrians, I said: "This business of the Wickham-Herring sundered hearts, Jeeves. The nub and core of the matter is that Bobbie Wickham is a girl of high and haughty spirit, and these girls of high and haughty spirit need kidding along. This——"

I broke off. My eye had been caught by a wayside inn. Well, not actually so much by a wayside inn as by what was standing outside it; a scarlet roadster, the property of Bobbie Wickham. I applied the brakes.

"Mind waiting here a minute, Jeeves?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I want to speak to Miss Wickham. You spotted her car?"

"Yes, sir. It is distinctively individual."

The interior of the wayside inn was dark and cool and smelling of beer, cheese, coffee, pickles and the sturdy

new novel by a great humorist

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Augustus the cat was angry. He spat viciously. With a sharp yelp Poppet shot between the Wooster legs

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

to perfection. Surely nothing could go wrong . . . or could it?

English peasantry. Bobbie was seated with a glass of ginger ale before her.

"Good Lord, Bertie," she said as I stepped up and what-ho-ed. "Where did you spring from?"

"My car. It's outside." I started to feel my way cautiously towards the nub and core. It would be necessary, I knew, to pick my words.

CAREFULLY, I began: "I must mention that Kipper has told me all. About that chat you and he had over the telephone, I mean. It would not be overstating it to say that he poured out his soul to me, and he hadn't been pouring long before I could see that he was cut to the quick."

"The poor lamb!"

"Did you say poor lamb?"

"Just imagine him taking all that stuff I said seriously!"

"Didn't you mean it?"

"Well, at the time, yes, I suppose, but only for about five minutes. For heaven's sake, isn't a girl allowed to blow off steam occasionally?"

"You mean"—I wanted to get this straight—"you mean that the laughing love god is once more working at the old stand?"

"Like a beaver."

"In fact, putting it in a nutshell, you're sweethearts still?"

"Certainly."

"Does Kipper know about this?" I said.

"Not yet. I'm on my way now to tell him."

I raised the point on which I particularly desired assurance. "Then what it boils down to is—no wedding bells for me?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Quite all right. You prefer Kipper. I don't blame you. The ideal mate."

"Just the way I look at it. He's terrific, isn't he?"

"Colossal."

"Now tell me what he was like as a boy. Was he the Pride of the School?"

"Oh, rather."

"Not that it was much of a school to be the pride of, from what he tells me. A sort of Dotheboys Hall, wasn't it?"

"Conditions under the Reverend Aubrey Upjohn were fairly tough. One's mind reverts particularly to the sausages on Sunday."

"Reggie was very funny about those. He said they were made not from contented pigs, but from pigs which had expired, regretted by all, of glanders, the botts and tuberculosis."

"Yes, that would be quite a fair description, I suppose. You going?" I said, for she had risen.

HER eyes were bright. "I want to fling myself into Reggie's arms and say 'I'm sorry I was cross.' If I don't see him soon I shall expire."

"I know how you feel."

We went out together, and I saw her off and returned to where Jeeves kept his vigil in the car, all smiles. I was all smiles, I mean, not Jeeves. The best he ever does is to let his mouth twitch slightly at one side, generally the left.

"Well, Jeeves," I said, climbing in and taking the wheel, "you'll be glad to hear that everything's fine. Rift in lute mended."

"*Varium et mutabile semper femina*, sir."

"I shouldn't wonder. And now," I said, as we drove off, "I'll unfold the fascinating tale of Wilbert and the cow-creamer. . . ."

Arriving at Brankley in the quiet evenfall and putting the old machine away in the garage, I noticed that Aunt Dahlia's car was there and gathered from this that the aged relative was around and about once more. Nor had my deductive faculties led me astray. I found her in her boudoir getting outside a dish of tea.

"Hallo, ugly," she said. "Turned up

BT 737

They're good-very good!

1/8 FOR 10 • 3/4 FOR 20

continued from previous page

again like the old bad penny, have you?"

"Just this moment breasted the tape."

"Been to Herne Bay, young Herring tells me."

"Yes, to fetch Jeeves. Where is Kipper?"

"He went on a picnic with Wilbert and Phyllis."

"Right on the job, is he?"

"Shows great zeal. Wilbert is constantly under his eye."

"And if ever a man needed to be constantly under an eye, it's the above kleptomaniac."

"The what?"

"Wilbert's a pincher. He's got Uncle Tom's cow-creamer."

"I know."

"You know?"

"Of course I know."

"Beshrew me," I said, "you take it pretty calmly."

"Well, what's there to get excited about? Tom sold him the thing."

"What!"

"Wilbert got in touch with Tom at Harrogate and put in his bid, and Tom phoned me to give it to him. Just shows how important that deal must be to Tom. I'd have thought he would rather have parted with his eye-teeth."

Profoundly stirred, I drew a deep breath. I had started to tell her of my soul-shattering experiences in Wilbert's room when the door opened and Bobbie came in.

ADVERSITY—1

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

Henry Fielding

The moment I cast an eye on her it seemed to me that there was something strange about her aspect. Her eyes were hard and the lips were set in a thin line, as if she had just been taking a suck at a lemon. Unparting them about an eighth of an inch, she said: "I came to get that book of Mrs. Cream's that I was reading, Mrs. Travers."

"So you got here all right, Bobbie," I said. "Have you seen Kipper?"

"Ha!" she said, pinching my stuff. "Will you do me a favour, Bertie?"

"Of course. What?"

"Don't mention that rat's name in my presence," she said, and pushed off.

She left me fogged and groping for the inner meaning, and I could see from Aunt Dahlia's goggling eyes that the basic idea hadn't got across with her either.

"They must have had another fight," she said.

"It does look as though there had been a spot of lute-rifting going on," I agreed. "Kipper can solve this mystery. I'll go and find him."

I was, however, spared the trouble, for he now entered, left centre.

"Oh, there you are, Bertie," he said. "I heard you were back."

I subjected him to a keen scrutiny and saw that he looked like the fellow who hadn't started to take Old Doctor Gordon's Bile Magnesia.

"What's all this rannygazoo between you and Bobbie, Kipper?" I said; and when he said "Oh, nothing," I rapped the table sharply and told him to cut out the coy stuff and come clean.

"Well, if you must know," he said, "she's broken the engagement."

"But it's only an hour or so since I left her outside a hostelry called the something Arms, speaking freely about throwing herself into yours. What came unstuck?"

"Well, where I went wrong," he said, "was in getting engaged to Phyllis Mills."

"What!" I cried.

"What on earth did you do that for?" said Aunt Dahlia.

"It seemed a good idea at the time," Kipper said. "Bobbie told me on the telephone that she never wanted to speak to me again in this world or the next, and Phyllis had been telling me that she found Wilbert Cream so magnetic that she was sure she wouldn't be able to refuse him if he proposed, and I had been commissioned to put a stopper on this, so I thought the simplest way of choking Wilbert Cream off was to get engaged to her myself. Bobbie suddenly popped up out of a trap as I was kissing Phyllis."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, she was very ladylike. Talked amiably of this and that till Phyllis had left us. Then she started in. She said she had raced here with a heart overflowing with love, longing to be in my arms, and a jolly surprise it was to find those arms squeezing the stuffing out of someone else and . . . oh, well, a lot more along those lines."

"Well, if you want to know what I think," said Aunt Dahlia.

But we never got around to knowing what she thought, for at this moment Phyllis came in. Giving the wench the once-over as she entered, I realized that, though low on the I.Q. and missing a bit on the little grey cells, physically she was a pipterino of the first water.

"Oh, Mrs. Travers," she said, spotting the old ancestor, "I've just been talking to Daddy on the telephone."

This took Aunt Dahlia's mind right off the affairs of the Kipper-Bobbie axis, to which a moment before she had been according her best attention, and I didn't wonder. With the prizegiving at Market Snodsbury Grammar School, a function at which all that was bravest and fairest in the neighbourhood would be present, only two days away, she must have been getting pretty uneasy about the continued absence of the big shot slated to address the young scholars on ideals and the future life.

"He's coming back tonight," Phyllis said. "He says he hopes you haven't been worrying."

"What's kept him in London so long?"

"He's been seeing his lawyer about this libel action he's bringing against the *Thursday Review*."

I have often asked myself how many inches it was that Kipper leaped from his chair at these words. Sometimes I think it was ten, sometimes only six, but, whichever it was, he unquestionably came up from the padded seat like an athlete competing in the sitting-high-jump event.

"Against the *Thursday Review*?" said Aunt Dahlia. "What have they done to stir him up?"

"It's this book he wrote about preparatory schools."

"And——?"

"And the *Thursday Review* said something libellous about it, and Daddy's lawyer says the least the jury can give him is five thousand pounds, and he thinks it might be even more. So he's been in London all this time talking to the lawyer about it. Oh, there's my precious Poppet," said Phyllis, as a distant barking reached the ears. "He's asking for his dinner, the sweet little angel. All right, cutie-pie, Mother's coming," she fluted, if that's the word, and buzzed off on the errand of mercy.

"What's eating you, young Herring?" said Aunt Dahlia.

I could see that Kipper was in no shape for chit-chat, so took it upon myself to explain.

"You heard what P. Mills said, old ancestor. Upjohn wrote this slim volume about preparatory schools. Ye Ed. of the *Thursday Review* passed it to Kipper for comment, and he pasted the stuffing out of it. Correct, Kipper?"

He found speech, if you could call making a noise like a buffalo taking its foot out of a swamp finding speech.

"But, dash it," he said, finding a bit more, "it was perfectly legitimate criticism. I didn't mince my words, of course——"

"It would be interesting to find out what the words were you didn't mince," said Aunt Dahlia, "because among them there appear to have been one or two which seem likely to set your proprietor

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Here's a short cut to success

This new form of wood is going to ease the handyman's lot, says ROGER SMITHELLS

LAST year I made a portable breakfast bar. This was the grand name we gave to a plank which hooked on to the front of a kitchen cabinet. It was 9 in. wide because, at the time, my local handyman shop did not have any wider shelving. After a few weeks it began to curl. Finally the curve got so acute that plates and cups were liable to slide off the bar and land in your lap. We stopped using the bar.

In this small, sad story fellow handymen will recognize troubles of their own. Most of the wood which timber merchants supply for home use is soft whitewood, rough sawn and not fully seasoned. The available hardwood is costly and just as likely to warp and twist. The standard width for planks is around 8 in. and it is seldom possible to find anything over 12 in. wide. Moreover, the busy timber merchant can't always drop work in hand to cut a few lengths of wood to special sizes. Added together, these snags turn the buying of satisfactory timber into a handyman's headache.

You can dodge some of these troubles by using solid plywood, chipboard, or hardboard on timber frames. Most of us have tried these substitutes for solid timber, but they are not ideal. Plywood and hardboard edges need protecting; chipboard must be painted or faced, and frame construction is tiresome.

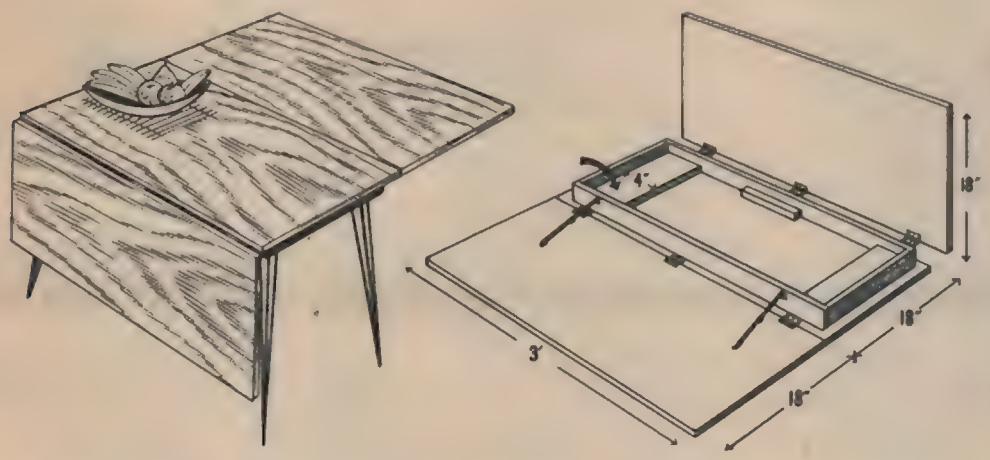
Like seasoned hardwood

So I welcome the latest addition to the range of labour-saving handyman materials—a chipboard made in twenty standard sizes and faced on both sides *and* all four edges with a pleasant, warm-coloured African hardwood veneer. This board looks, feels and behaves like seasoned solid hardwood. Because the edges are veneered there is no end grain or exposed edge to be covered. The board is made in 9-in., 12-in., 15-in. and 18-in. widths and in lengths ranging in 6-in. steps from 3 ft. to 5 ft. Its overall thickness is ¾ in.

I have been experimenting with this material and I think it is going to be a boon to the handyman who wants quick, handsome results for a minimum of labour. On this page you see the first piece which I made and overleaf are detailed instructions for making three other useful pieces. All are simple and designed, as far as possible, to use the new Vipboard in its standard sizes. Where the board has been cut the units are assembled so that cut edges are concealed. Joints are arranged to avoid visible screwholes. Some pieces are finished with a plastic seal, others with wax or french polish.

The cost of Vipboard ranges from 8s. 9d. for a piece 3 ft. by 9 in. to 29s. 3d. for 5 ft. by 18 in. It is now available from timber merchants and handyman suppliers. Readers who have difficulty in obtaining supplies can write for the name of a local stockist or to Vipboard (Great Britain), Ltd., 332 Old Street, London, E.C.1.

For the dining-room side of our service hatch I made a wall fitment with the new Vipboard, using standard size boards. To avoid visible screw-holes, assembly (*above*) is by corner battens screwed and glued from inside. Wall fixing (*right*) is with angle brackets fixed inside the cupboard underneath the top shelf. *Below*: Opening ceremony—the job is finished and the hatch and new service table go into operation

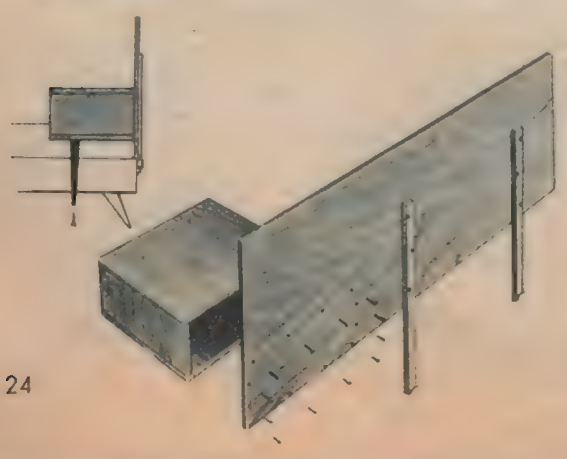


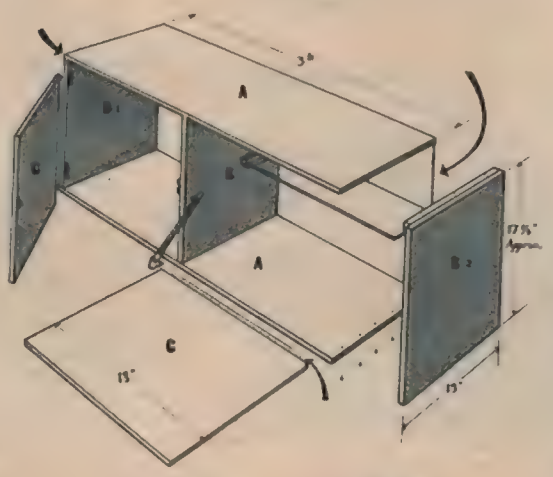
Make this fold-away table for around £6

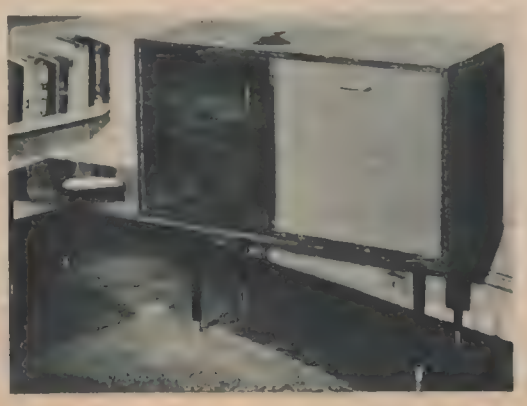
THE table top is made from three 3 ft. x 18 in. pieces of Vipboard. To the underside of the middle board glue a frame of 3 in. x 1 in. timber set 1½ in. from the edge of the board all round. Lengths of the frame members are thus 2 ft. 9 in. and 13 in. Within the frame at both ends glue timber blocks 13 in. x 4 in. x 1½ in. Brianco tripin metal legs will later be screwed to these fixing blocks. At the centre of each long side of the frame glue a 6 in. block of 1 in. square timber. Lay the two table flaps in position on either side of centre section and fix each to centre section with three 3 in. brass hinges. Fix the flaps so that the best grained surfaces will be uppermost. Connect fall-stays of the self-locking type to flaps and underframe as shown. Note that the fixing on the frame is flush with the top edge. Screw fixing plates of tripin legs to blocks in underframe, placing legs as closely as possible to the corners of the underframe for stability. To preserve a natural finish treat the surface with a wood sealer and rub along the grain with fine wirewool loaded with domestic furniture polish. Paint timber underframe matt black and wax polish to a dull sheen

Headboard with two-tier table

THIS handsome headboard for a 3 ft. 6 in. divan uses the largest standard Vipboard—5 ft. x 18 in. The two shelves of the box table are 12 in. wide strips cut from either end of a 3 ft. x 15 in. board; the sides are 12 in. x 6 in. pieces cut from the middle. The box is assembled with the grain of the shelves running from front to back and the grain of the uprights from top to bottom. The shelves overlap the uprights so that all cut edges are concealed. The assembled box is fixed to the headboard with screws from the back. Two battens, screwed to the back of the headboard, drop into metal slots screwed to the end of the divan or screw the board to the wall. One 18 in. Brianco ebonized brass tipped wooden leg supports the table. Total cost under £3







A versatile storage cabinet

THIS storage or drinks cabinet is here shown standing on a six-legged fireside table (made from one panel of 5 ft. x 15 in. Vipboard), but could be used as a wall unit. The cabinet uses four standard pieces of Vipboard costing altogether £3 9s.: two 3 ft. x 15 in. (A); one 4 ft. 6 in. x 15 in. (B); one 3 ft. x 18 in. (C).

Cut board B into three 18 in. x 15 in. pieces. To support the glass or wood half-shelf in the fall-front section fix battens on the inside faces of pieces B and B2 10 in. from the bottom. Join uprights B to top A with three wooden blocks 1 in. sq., 14 in. long, screwed and glued from the inside and inset 1 in. from front edge. Join uprights to bottom A with glue and screws through from underside. Fix back of hardboard or gaboon-faced plywood with glue and panel pins.

From board C cut a piece 17¾ in. long to form fall-flap and fix with piano hinge to bottom A and with stay to upright B. and check that it fits squarely and works freely. Note that the hinge goes on the cut edge of the fall-flap. Check measurements of inside opening of left hand cupboard and from remainder of board C cut door to fit, trimming down at end already exposed. This end takes the hinges and two veneered edges face top and centre division. Doors should have an easy fit to allow for polish build-up. Fix handles and catches and finish surface with french polish, wood seal or wax polish.

Brianco legs are obtainable from Brianco (London) Ltd., 507 Hackney Road, London, E.2

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Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Charlie Mason heard that in 1920 a large amount of valuable metal accidentally fell into the mix from which the pennies of that year were struck; consequently, 1920 pennies were worth £8.

He noticed that Bob Brown had such a penny and at once offered him 1s. for it. Bob accepted, and thereafter sold, each day, another 1920 penny to Charlie. But he raised the price by a penny each time, so that Charlie paid 1s. 1d. for the second one, 1s. 2d. for the third, and so on.

Eventually, Charlie bought a total of 100 pennies from Bob. How much did he pay in all?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

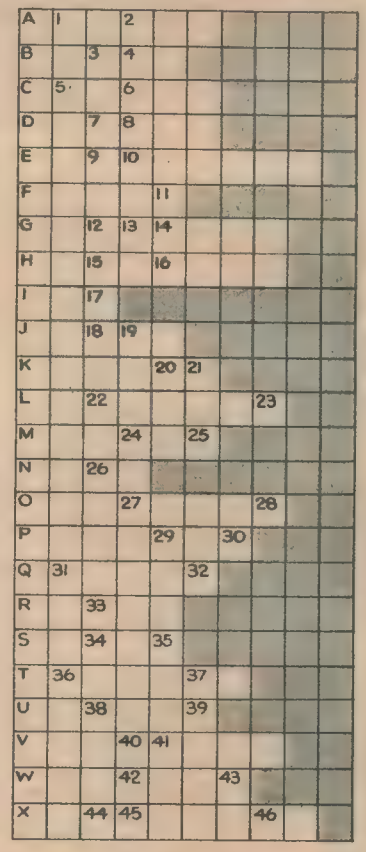
CLUE DOWN

A. This will look after you from the cradle to the grave (3, 8, 6, 7).

CLUES ACROSS

A. A bicycle built for two.
B. Moist.
C. Errors in writing or printing.
D. Admiral who became the Duke of Bronte.
E. Hurtling mass of snow and ice.
F. Woven fabric showing diagonal lines.
G. Unceremonious.
H. Evergreen shrub, also known as rose-bay.
I. Inferior horse.
J. Book of maps.
K. Traditional story.
L. Election proceedings.
M. Go aboard.
N. So let it be.
O. Name given to a gay deceiver of women.
P. S. Italian Naval base.
Q. A light-armed cavalry soldier.
R. Curved cavalry sword.
S. Song of mourning.
T. Traditional founder of Rome in 753 B.C.
U. Against.
V. Mental disorder.
W. Welsh capital city.
X. Captivated.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46				



NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

The red snows

continued from page 10

gently suggested that we should divide into three groups.

The first and most powerful, which would consist of George Band, Mike Harris, Derek Bull and Anatoli Kustovski, would attempt the Muller Buttress on Shkhara: a climb which had first been done by a German party under Muller and then repeated by a Russian party under Vitali Abalakov.

The second party, consisting of John Hunt, Alan Blackshaw, Ralph Jones and myself, would try the Schwarzgruber Rib on Yangi-tau which had never been repeated since the first ascent by Dr. Schwarzgruber and his party of Bavarian mountaineers in 1935.

The third party—John Neill, Dave Thomas and Eugene Gippenreiter—would attempt Gestola by its face route.

The cold came down with the darkness, and as we crept into our tents we could hear wolves howling in the distance.

Memorial plaque

We set off on a fine, hot afternoon, towards the Misses Kosh—a beautiful meadow between the moraine and the mountainside. There we stopped for lunch with a friendly group of Russians, including Victor, who were busy fixing a bronze plaque on a large boulder in memory of two Russians who had been killed the year before on Dykh-tau.

We sat there chatting and eating biscuits and honey with the Russians, reluctant to leave the peaceful meadow and continue our long, hot journey up the glacier. But we had to get to a good bivouac site below our climb before it got dark, so we set off along the hillside while George's party headed down on to the glacier.

Soon we found ourselves quartering up and down the mountainside to avoid the great V-shaped scars cut into the loose, grey, boulder-strewn debris left by the main glacier. It was hot and tiring work, and clear, spring water was becoming rarer and rarer. Far below us on the white, tangled glacier, George, Mike, Derek and Anatoli had found themselves a smooth pathway between two crevassed areas and were making good time.

Ahead rose the symmetrical pyramid of Gestola. Our own route on Yangi-tau was just round the corner.

The sun was getting low and we still had a long way to go to our bivouac site. We slid down scree on to the glacier and made for the ice-fall formed by the right-angled turn of the glacier.

As we approached the ice-fall Yangi-tau came into view, with the great Schwarzgruber Rib sweeping down in a long arc to the glacier. It looked awesome. Even from our viewpoint where we could see something of its profile, it looked frighteningly steep. Like a knife edge it soared out of the glacier towards the summit of Yangi.

I felt the anxiety that is always present before a big enterprise. Ahead of us was a climb that had only been done once before—and then it had taken the Bavarian mountaineers of the best pre-war era three days to get to the top.

I lay in my warm bag and looked at the stars so close above. Suddenly the stillness was shattered by the growling roar of an avalanche breaking from the Bezingi Wall. It sounded like the noise of armies waking into battle. And tomorrow we were going to venture up that wall. . . .

It was safe and warm lying in my sleeping-bag on level ground, but tomorrow night I might be cramped anywhere on that face with the avalanches thundering on either side. As always before a big climb, it did not seem reasonable.

I was afraid of the outcome yet too committed to back out.

NEXT WEEK: A radio news item threatens our climbs

© Christopher Brasher and Sir John Hunt, 1959

"The Red Snows," by Christopher Brasher and Sir John Hunt, is due to be published as a book by Hutchinson on January 11. The price will be 25s.

Now Britain gets a big noise in jazz

continued from page 15

to a late engagement the previous evening, some members of the orchestra didn't get there until twenty minutes after the recording session was timed to start. So Dankworth asked everybody to make a big effort to be strictly on time the next morning. They did. Then it was discovered that Dankworth had left his saxophone at home.

But despite his occasional absent-mindedness, friends claim that Dankworth is very considerate. "He always remembers my birthday," says Les Perrin, his publicity agent. "Even his rivals like him—and that's saying something in this business."

Cleo Laine says: "When we both come in after a hard day's work it's always John who does the cooking." A friend was exasperated when Dankworth completely forgot a luncheon appointment. Three days later Dankwork rang up from two hundred miles away to apologize.

A music publisher who has offices in the same building as Dankworth, in Denmark Street, recently returned from the United States with a number of jazz scores which he wanted to discuss with Dankworth. But four months later he still hadn't managed to pin his man down for long enough to talk about the music in detail.

Dankworth's brand of big-band jazz, which was pioneered largely by Duke Ellington—still its foremost exponent—is a modern development of the more sensual, less disciplined forms of "traditional" jazz. In the earlier forms, which are still popular, the music is played by smaller groups. The arrangements usually consist of the whole group playing a theme, followed by soloists extemporizing upon it. Much of the early jazz was performed without written music.

Improvisation in the big bands is still essential, but the music is more compact and refined. It has been influenced by such offshoots of jazz as the "swing" music of the 1930s and bebop, a frantic form of jazz which appeared in the forties.

Echoes of Bach

Dankworth insists that there is no "pure" form of jazz. "It's a melting pot for all forms of music," he says.

Even classical music forms part of the inspiration of the more progressive jazz musicians. Dankworth admits that Ravel, Walton and Bartok have influenced his jazz development. One American group, the Modern Jazz Quartet, has successfully originated a refined jazz style which has strong echoes of Bach. Dankworth considers that the superimposing of solo jazz themes against classical symphonic music is a possible line of development in the future. "But the two forms are unlikely to drift any nearer," he says.

His own approach to music is intellectual. He has studied it at the Royal Academy, lectured on it at the London School of Economics, and defended it at the Cambridge Union.

His association with the Negro sources of jazz has made him a keen opponent of racial discrimination. He turned down a £10,000 offer for a South African tour in 1954 because it was stipulated that only white men would be allowed to attend his concerts. A year after his intervention at the Lionel Hampton concert, he joined Hampton and Humphrey Lyttelton in a special band session at the Royal Festival Hall to raise funds for the defendants in the South Africa treason trial.

Dankworth formed his present sixteen-piece orchestra six years ago after disbanding his former jazz group, the Dankworth Seven. The new orchestra was floated with a £1,000 loan from his agent, Harold Davison, and began by playing a mixture of progressive jazz and popular dance music. Perrin arranged for Dankworth to see a B.B.C. programme chief who was interested in booking the band for a series of jazz concerts.

"The booking was vital," says Perrin. "We needed the cash, and the publicity." Dankworth failed to keep the appointment. A few hours later Perrin found him at Lord's. "He'd forgotten all about the date. We saw the B.B.C. man the same evening. Strangely enough, he was still willing to give us the job."

Once Dankworth auditioned a coloured girl jazz singer, Clementina Campbell, and decided to give her a contract. After the audition he summoned his orchestra into a nearby pub and asked them to help him find another name for the new singer. Each of the band members put his choice on a slip of paper and put each half of the selected name in a different hat. Dankworth picked the two names out of the hats and announced the result—Cleo Laine.

"It wasn't too difficult to trace the origins," says a member of the group. "Frankie Laine had recently sung with us. The film *Caesar And Cleopatra* was being advertised in six-foot letters at a cinema across the road." With the Dankworth orchestra, Cleo Laine topped the bills of British jazz singers. She married Dankworth in March, 1958.

Although highly praised by jazz addicts, the new orchestra was heavily in debt after the first two years. When his advisers pressed him to play to a wider audience by increasing his output of popular music, Dankworth shocked them by reverting to a policy of playing jazz almost exclusively.

The orchestra's finances improved rapidly. One of Dankworth's records, a parody of the playing styles of several American jazz bands, reached the Top Ten, which is a rare achievement for a jazz disc.

His debt repaid

Dankworth has now built up a large enough following for his music in all parts of Britain to be assured of financial security; he has paid back Davison's loan.

Not long ago he played at a Rotarian ball in the west of England. When he discussed the music beforehand, the chairman looked alarmed.

"I thought that you were going to play us some ordinary dance tunes," he said.

Dankworth explained that everybody could dance to good jazz music. "Give us a chance to play a few numbers and see what you think about it," he said.

The orchestra played jazz all the evening. Before Dankworth left, the chairman had enthusiastically booked him for the following year. THE END

THE SECRET DECISION • 3

by MICHAEL AMRINE

This is Hiroshima in 1946. Shacks rise on a plain of debris. Here, for mankind, the atom bomb became fact—with 100,000 graves to prove it

HIROSHIMA GETS THE DEATH SENTENCE

In a cauldron of man-made fury the city was wiped out. And as the Japanese haggled on surrender there came . . . Nagasaki

CLEARLY the meeting of the Big Three at Potsdam—Winston Churchill, President Truman and Joseph Stalin—was a momentous gathering of the victors of the European war. But behind the scenes was played a much more far-reaching drama of which the rest of the world knew nothing.

On July 17, 1945, the day the meeting began in the Cecilienhof Palace, Churchill learned from Truman that the first atomic bomb had been successfully exploded. A vast pillar of fire, six miles high, had soared into the dawn sky from the test site at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Churchill's first reaction was enthusiastic. He saw the bomb as a means of ending the war with Japan in "one or two violent shocks" instead of having to waste 500,000 or more British lives, and perhaps a million American ones, on an invasion of Japan.

Already at that moment, the U.S. 509th Composite Group, equipped with Superfortresses, was preparing for practice raids against Japan from the island of Tinian in the Pacific. However, the bomb was so secret that except for the commanding officer, Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, jr., none of the aircrew had any idea what they were going to drop other than that it was a special device. They nicknamed it "The Gimmick."

Right until Potsdam, Churchill was continually complaining to the Americans that the British weren't fully informed of the bomb's development; the British were in on the start of the research five years previously, but the Americans came to regard the bomb as "theirs." Nevertheless, the question about the rightness of using the bomb as a military weapon against the Japanese did not exist for him. He had none of the doubts which beset American scientists in the research teams, making them suggest alternatives, such as a demonstration, which might persuade the enemy to surrender.

What worried Churchill—and he was, of course, unaware that Klaus Fuchs, Harry Gold and other Communist spies were passing atomic information to Moscow—was the intricate matter of how much to tell Stalin.

On July 18, Churchill discussed this problem with Truman and proposed that Stalin shouldn't be told at all.

But later the same day Churchill reported to his Cabinet in London that the President "seemed determined to do so, but without giving the Russians any details."

Also on the 18th, Mr. Truman held a meeting with several of his principal advisers to discuss the conference and the important news. The President agreed essentially with the recommendations of the military, that the bomb should be used—unless an ultimatum to Japan should produce the desired surrender without it.

As Truman has written: "I then agreed to the use of the atomic bomb if Japan did not yield."

The President also agreed that the "wheels should be set in motion," the operational machinery made ready, so that the planes could take off from

From the Pacific island of Tinian these twelve men took off to bomb Hiroshima. Only Colonel Paul Tibbets, junior, and Captain William Parsons (second and third right, front row) knew the mission's secret

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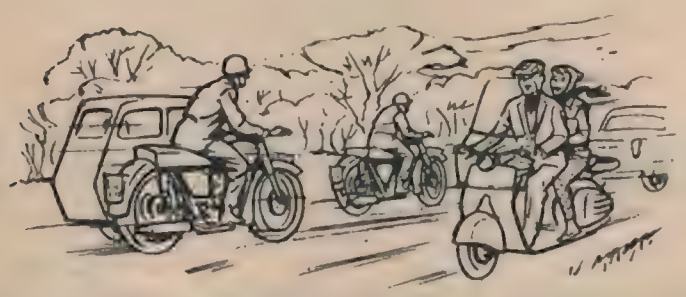

DUNLOP BUILT BETTER TO LAST LONGER

7W/203

"I'll call him . . . he's pottering around somewhere"

continued from previous page

Tinian if so ordered. But according to a letter he wrote, he still held the final decision in his hands. He was not yet ready to cross his bridge of decision.

In *Mr. President*, the scrapbook of memoirs written by William S. Hillman from Truman's diaries and letters, the President is reported as saying: "I wanted to weigh all the possibilities and implications. Here was the most powerful weapon of destruction ever devised and perhaps it was more than that."

He put his feelings into two short sentences: "It was not an easy decision to make. I did not like the weapon."

The President's advisers, likewise, failed to share Churchill's enthusiasm.

James F. Byrnes, Truman's new Secretary of State, had listened to the arguments of members of the Interim Committee, an official body set up to consider atomic policy generally. His view, as he recalled it later, was: "No one who played a part in the development of the bomb . . . felt happy about it. . . . I have no doubt that all thinking men in the armed forces felt the same way."

"Act of barbarians"

Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, the President's personal chief of staff, was the most vehement of all about mass bombing. To use such bombs, he thought, was to adopt "an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages."

And what was the Secretary for War, Henry L. Stimson, the man upon whom the President most depended, thinking?

To Stimson, as to the generals and the admirals, the dominant and immediate fact was the war. The Japanese still had a well-equipped army. The U.S. General Staff estimated as of the middle of July that "the Allies would be faced with the enormous task of destroying an armed force of five million men and five thousand suicide aircraft, belonging to a race which had already demonstrated its ability to fight literally to the death."

Against these forces the Allies planned to send an equivalent number —five million men.

"We estimated that if we should be forced to carry this plan to its conclusion, the major fighting would not end until the latter part of 1946 at the earliest," Stimson wrote.

Stimson's feelings were, in his own words: "To end the war in victory with the least possible cost in the lives of the men in the armies which I had helped to raise. In the light of the alternatives which, on a fair estimate, were open to us I believe that no man, in our position and subject to our responsibilities, holding in his hands a weapon of such possibilities for accomplishing this purpose and saving those lives, could have failed to use it and afterwards looked his countrymen in the face."

On July 20 the regular combat crews of the 509th began their series of practice strikes over the Empire, as the main islands of Japan were known in the Pacific war.

Over each target they dropped a bomb, filled "only" with TNT. This bomb was made in a peculiar shape, designed to fall through the air in the same way that The Gimmick would fall. It was a 10,000-pound projectile, which they called "The Pumpkin."

In these full-dress rehearsals over Japan itself, they otherwise realistically observed the instructions which would prevail on the Day. Their orders were:

"You will proceed to a rendezvous at Iwo with two other B-29s. Only one plane will carry it.

"The other planes will carry instruments and photographic equipment. You three will not contact each other, but will maintain strict radio silence.

"You will approach the target at a ground speed around 300 m.p.h., and maintain a steady bombing platform at about 30,000 feet.

"Bombing will be visual. If the city of choice is not clear, proceed at your discretion to another target.

"As bomb is released, you will immediately turn at a 150-degree angle.

"When the device leaves your plane, it will fall in much the same curve as any other bomb. Besides falling downward, it will also fall forward, with the momentum it has from the forward motion of your plane. All bombs do this and we usually fly over their explosion. You will not fly over this explosion.

"After bombs away, turn sharply so as not to be over Ground Zero when the device explodes. You may even wish to lose altitude to put more distance between yourself and zero."

In precisely this manner the crews struck at Japan. But they never made a practice strike directly at any of the genuine nominations.

These target cities, however, had already been selected, and their names were soon to be submitted, at Potsdam, for the personal attention of Stimson

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THUMBTHING by Stowell

and Truman. There were five of them.

At Potsdam the Big Three continued to meet, and the deliberations, heavy with power politics, went on for many hours every day. Sometimes the talk was bitter and rude. Churchill thought this the most unsatisfactory and foreboding of all the historic meetings.

Aside from the work to be done, there were state dinners that, to some, seemed to be interminable. Admiral Leahy was impressed by "the battle of music."

On July 19 President Truman gave the first formal dinner for the delegations. Sergeant Eugene List played the piano, and Stalin so much liked Chopin's Waltz in A Minor, Opus 34, that, at his urging, the three leaders rose for a toast. They went, glass in hand, over to the pianist and drank a toast to his playing.

Churchill hits back

On the twenty-first, Stalin as dinner host was determined to outdo Truman, so he ordered prize pianists sent in from Moscow, as well as two imposing female violinists. This party lasted until 1.30 a.m., a half-hour later than the American party, although at 1.00 a.m. Churchill tried to get the Western delegations to go home.

After it was over, Churchill muttered to Leahy that he would "get even" with the Big Two.

When he was host, on the evening of July 23, Churchill had the full orchestra of the Royal Air Force play loud and long.

As Leahy put it: "Churchill, with puckish malice, saw to it that the musicians kept going until 2.00 a.m."

On July 23 a long-distance call went from Washington to the atomic laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, which were being visited by Dr. Arthur Compton, a scientist and administrator in the project. Colonel K. D. Nichols at Oak Ridge was given an urgent message to tell Compton: "Washington wants at once the results of the opinion polls on the use of the bomb."

As Compton tells it in his memoirs, *Atomic Quest*: "The votes and petitions prepared by the scientists were by now in my hands. I accordingly wrote out a message summarizing the results as objectively as I could and handed it to the colonel." He judged that scientists would approve the use of the bomb in war.

An hour later Washington called again. Colonel Nichols again went to see Compton. "Washington wants to know what you think."

In his book Compton wrote: "What a question to answer! Having been in the very midst of these discussions, it seemed to me that a firm negative stand on my part might still prevent an atomic attack upon Japan. . . .

"Thoughts of my pacifist Mennonite ancestors flashed through my mind . . . but I wanted the war to end. I saw a chance for an enduring peace. . . ."

As Compton remembered it years later, he told Nichols: "My vote is with the majority. It seems to me that as the war stands, the bomb should be used, but no more drastically than is needed to bring surrender."

Nichols relayed the message to Washington at once. Until the records are opened we cannot know whether it was sent to Potsdam. . . .

The target cities

In Potsdam the next day, July 24, General Marshall of the army and General Arnold of the air force met with Truman and Stimson.

The generals explained the basic bombing plans of the 509th.

Cities on the list were, in the order of their importance as targets, Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata and Nagasaki. The fifth city was Kyoto.

Stimson had personally visited Kyoto many years before. It had military installations, and furthermore nestled in hills in a sort of cup shape, which made it ideal for destruction by a fireball a mile in diameter. But Stimson knew that it was a city of temples, shrines and artistic treasures. Truman ordered it to be struck off the list.

The order of selection for the four cities was, Truman wrote, "in accordance with the military importance of these cities but allowances would be given for weather conditions at the time.

"In order to get preparations under way, the U.S. War Department was given orders to instruct General Carl Spaatz, the Commanding General U.S. Army Strategic Air Forces, that the first bomb would be dropped as soon after August 3 as weather would permit."

The reported timing of these orders has been a mysterious subject. The President's account says that the military order to go—from Marshall to the Pentagon, to Spaatz, to the 509th—was dated July 24. But surely the grand strategy was to see if Japan would surrender without the employment of the bomb. Japan was to receive a warning; an ultimatum which, though, was not made public at Potsdam until July 26.

Was America determined to use the bomb, regardless of how the Japanese replied? Did America assume that the Japanese would certainly say no?

On July 24, the President was taking another step that concerned all of the Big Three. He was going to tell Stalin of America's new weapon.

At the end of the day, as the conference broke up, Truman approached Stalin. There are several accounts of their very brief encounter.

Churchill, who said that he knew what was going to happen and who stood about fifteen feet away, said that

ADVERSITY—2

Mishaps are like knives, they either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.

Herman Melville

after the meeting was over, the President went up to Stalin, and spoke to him alone—except for interpreters.

"What was vital to measure was its effect on Stalin," said Churchill. "He seemed to be delighted. A new bomb! Of extraordinary power! Probably decisive to the whole Japanese war! What a bit of luck!"

Churchill said that this was his impression at the moment, and he was "sure that Stalin had no idea of the significance of what he was being told . . . if he had had the slightest idea of the revolution in world affairs which was in progress his reactions would have been obvious."

What *was* he being told?

Truman gives the subject three sentences: "I casually mentioned to Stalin that we had a new weapon of unusual destructive force. The Russian Premier showed no special interest. All he said was that he was glad to hear it and hoped we would make 'good use of it against the Japanese.' "

Churchill spoke to Truman as delegates returned to their cars. "How did it go?" he asked.

"He never asked a question," said Truman.

There may, of course, have been a most ironic twist in it all. Stalin may have understood the atomic revolution far better than Truman. Stalin may have had more time to think about it, since his agents had been able to get into Oak Ridge and Los Alamos long before even Truman was told, on becoming President, that the bomb project existed. Perhaps Stalin was a convincing actor. . . .

Thus on July 24 the order went out, and the "wheels were in motion"; and on July 26 the Potsdam Declaration was issued to warn Japan and to invite her to surrender. It ran:

"We call upon the government of Japan to proclaim now the unconditional surrender of all Japanese armed forces, and to provide proper and adequate assurances of their good faith in such action. The alternative for Japan is prompt and utter destruction."

The Declaration did not mention secret weapons or surprises.

The American delegation, still in Europe, but preparing to return home

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continued from previous page

across the Atlantic on the U.S.S. Augusta, waited anxiously for some reply. In the timetable of Tinian, it was Bomb Day Minus Eleven.

The complete bomb was still not in the Pacific. Its components were being sent from the United States. Some parts went by ship, and some by air.

Accidents could still happen along these lines of communication thousands of miles long, and they nearly did.

The cruiser Indianapolis, carrying vital components of the bomb, was approaching the island of Tinian. Lightheartedly some members of her crew wrote ribald messages for the Emperor on the casing of the bomb. They did not know what it was, of course; they just knew that it was a secret weapon to be dropped by a plane.

Sunk by the Japs

The Indianapolis unloaded her vital cargo at Tinian on July 26 and returned to regular duty with the fleet. On July 31, off the shores of Leyte, she was attacked and sunk by the Japanese and virtually all hands were lost.

If the ship had been sunk three days sooner, the bomb might never have been used.

No immediate notice was taken of the Potsdam Declaration by the Japanese. Then at last, on July 28, word came. Truman records: "Radio Tokyo announced that the Japanese Government would continue to fight. There was no alternative now."

However, Truman still hoped that he would hear some news which would change the situation. He has since explained that he did not consider the directive to General Spaatz, to bomb after August 3, to be final.

"It was, of course, necessary to set the military wheels in motion, as these orders did on July 25, but the final decision was in my hands, and was not made until we were returning from Potsdam.

"I ordered atomic bombs dropped on the two cities named on the way back from Potsdam, when we were in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

So by radio the word was flashed from the U.S.S. Augusta to the men who were waiting at Tinian.

When the operating command on Tinian went over the final plans it was decided that Niigata was too far away; Niigata was struck off the list. Then there were three towns, ranked in order: Hiroshima, Kokura, Nagasaki.

On Thursday, August 2, a B-29 landed at noon, carrying the last batch of material for the bomb. In all the workshops there and in the plants back in the United States, at this time, there had been material for just two bombs.

On Friday, August 3, command control shifted to the Pacific—the way was clear, whenever the weather permitted. Weather did not permit on August 3 or 4. Then news came that skies would be clear on August 5. They made ready to have the bomb aboard.

Crews are briefed

A briefing was held on August 4. In the words of Sergeant Abe Spitzer, a radio operator: "Colonel Tibbets began by saying that whatever any of us, including myself, had done before was small potatoes compared to what we were going to do now."

This briefing did, indeed, describe the power of the bomb, but it did not actually tell the crews what The Gimmick was. They were not told about atomic energy or about radiation. They were still, in a sense, flying blind.

Only two men who would be on the mission really understood it. The commanding officer, Colonel Tibbets, had been told a good deal. The naval officer assigned to the group, Captain William S. Parsons, was a scientist in uniform. He was to assemble the bomb in its final form after the plane took off. He really understood the nuclear bomb, and it would have been considered a disaster to the Allies if he had been captured.

That was very much on Captain Parsons's mind. He did not like what he had heard of torture in prison camps; he feared that he might talk. On impulse, just before boarding the plane, the "Enola Gay," he borrowed a revolver. If the plane were forced down in Japanese territory, Parsons could kill himself.

At midnight there was a last-minute briefing on flight plans, air-sea rescue procedure, and the like.

At 02.45 on August 6, the "Enola Gay" lifted from the runway. She carried a crew that did not know what was in the bomb bay, a navy man serving as bombing officer and thinking about possible capture and suicide, and at long last a real bomb addressed to a real city.

At Iwo Jima the three planes held a rendezvous and went into precise formation. Then they began a slow climb to bombing altitude—30,000 feet.

At 07.30 Captain Parsons and an assistant made the one last adjustment that made it into "a final bomb."

At 08.15 they heard from the weather planes. Their orders were to bring the bomb back if all three cities were hidden by cloud. But the weather was sunny and clear. The report on Hiroshima gave excellent visibility.

That was the death sentence. They were just an hour from the city. At 09.01 Captain Parsons nervously took a final look at the bomb. At 09.11 the ship straightened and levelled into a short bomb run. The controls were passed over to the bombardier, Major Thomas W. Ferebee.

At 09.15 Major Ferebee toggled the bomb out, at an altitude of 31,600 feet, ground speed 328 m.p.h.

The plane jumped when the bomb left. Colonel Tibbets took the controls. Immediately he executed a violent turn. He also nosed the plane downwards.

They felt two more slaps—shocks that made the plane leap—fifty seconds after the "Bombs Away." The bomb had fallen more than four miles in that time, and had exploded itself, as prearranged, at two thousand feet.

By this time the "Enola Gay" was fifteen miles away. Still the plane jumped twice; once from direct blast from the bomb, and again as the "echo" rebounded from the earth.

Intense light filled the sky and filled the plane. Every line of the plane's interior stood out as clear as in a draughtsman's drawing.

Captain Robert A. Lewis kept a log of the flight; he had been asked to make notes for historical purposes. He wrote, "There will be a short intermission (in the diary) while we bomb our target."

The next entry was: "My God!"

Still no surrender

The word was flashed to the High Command aboard the U.S.S. Augusta in mid-Atlantic. President Truman, exultant at the coming victory, excitedly told the crew: "This is the greatest thing in history!"

Looking back, we tend to remember only the outlines of the bomb's story. The bomb was dropped; Japan surrendered; the Allies celebrated V-J Day.

But it was not that simple. On the day after the bomb, August 7, 1945, it did not seem a foregone conclusion that Japan would surrender because of the new weapon, and Japan did not immediately sue for peace. Why?

It is not easy now to re-create the wartime emotional mood of those in command of the Japanese and American Governments. The ruthlessness and the length of the war made it difficult for either side to visualize sitting down to build a peace with the other side and, further, there were two irreconcilable attitudes maintained by the two opposing forces.

On one side was an alliance that had mobilized for a goal of unconditional surrender. On the other side was a power that in peace or war held a religious veneration for the head of its government. The Japanese could not imagine a world in which their institution of Emperor would be abolished.

Just what had America said about surrender, and what was she saying about it now?

Following the Potsdam Declaration an intensive propaganda campaign had been waged against the Japanese. Millions of leaflets were dropped, offering the terms which were considered "honourable."

America had also named cities she intended to bomb—but did not name Hiroshima. That was considered a prime military target and the U.S. military did not want the soldiers there to flee. Intelligence had reported on August 5 that 40,000 troops had just moved into the city's military headquarters. Even now, many years later, there is no agreed figure on how many military personnel were killed, and there is still great disagreement as to how many thousands of civilians were killed.

There was some agreement that at least 100,000 persons were dead, missing or fatally injured.

In any case, no one who knew the facts could doubt that one bomb had destroyed one city.

Once again, America dropped millions of leaflets, this time saying:

TO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE

"We are in possession of the most destructive explosive ever devised by man. A single one of our newly developed atomic bombs is actually the equivalent in explosive power to what two thousand of our giant B-29s can carry on a single mission. This awful fact is one for you to ponder and we solemnly assure you it is grimly accurate. . . .

"You should take steps now to cease military resistance. Otherwise, we shall resolutely employ this bomb and all our other superior weapons to promptly and forcefully end the war."

The 509th, to keep on the alert, was ordered to fly more practice missions and to drop more Pumpkins.

The 509th had plenty of Pumpkins, but it did not have plenty of the new bombs. America did not, in fact, have at hand the means to follow up what she threatened, i.e., that she could "resolutely employ this bomb. . . ."

However, the Japanese had no way of knowing that America had made only three atomic bombs and had exploded two of them, one in a test and one in action. But they still hesitated to surrender unconditionally.

A city is spared

On land, on sea and in the air the war went on. The 509th was not scheduled to make another atomic bomb strike until after August 11. But on Tinian the weather experts felt that they saw a bad Pacific storm on the way. It was thought that the 509th had better fly now or they might not be able to fly for an indefinite period.

So on the eighth it was "Pumpkins," but the next day a new and more deadly thing, the third atomic bomb, was in a plane from the 509th, over the city of Kokura. This was the number-two city, and about 09.30 on August 9, the plane made three passes over Kokura. Each time the pilot could not even see the city under the clouds, and the bombardier could not make the visual sighting demanded of these missions.

The plane—it was named after Captain Frederick C. Bock, and was called "Bock's Car"—gave up on the number-two city and headed for number three. That city, too, was overcast, but the bombardier found a hole in the clouds. He flipped the switch.

At 10.58, August 9, the scientists' equations again proved correct. Plutonium was converted into radiation, into heat, and into light, blinding light.

That was Nagasaki.

Some who think the human race can survive Hiroshima feel that Nagasaki was the fatal mistake that our race will not survive. Mistake it may have been, but apparently it was not an accident. Nagasaki was part of the design.

It was up to the Japanese Supreme War Council to decide whether, or how, to end the war. This group consisted of three civilians and three military men. The latter were the War Minister and the two Chiefs of Staff.

The Foreign Minister advocated surrender, subject to one condition: keeping the Emperor. The War Minister

Poet in the Garden

Start pruning ramblers now, armour yourself
With leather gloves, a saw and seccateurs.
First cut out all dead wood, reduce by half
Strong, powerful growths, but all the spindly "spares,"
Weak second shoots should be cut clean away.
Tie in the young, new stems, then dust or spray
If there's a sign of mildew or disease.
Burn all the leaves and cuttings. Now you'll find
It's best to start on harvesting. First choose
Your soundest beet and carrots, store in sand.
Lift up potatoes with a fork, and care,
Don't wound their skin, or bruise them with the tines.
Brush off all slugs and pests. It's best to store
In clamps of earth, but carefully watch for signs
Of rot or sprouting. Then all winter through
You'll eat, not your own words, but roots you grew!

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

and the two chiefs wanted to add other conditions: no occupation, no punishment of war criminals except by the Japanese Government, and others.

At midnight on August 9 the council held its most fateful meeting. The Emperor attended, but he did not preside and his presence was considered more or less ceremonial. The chairman was Admiral Suzuki, a man who had the difficult task of trying to mediate between the military and political wings of the battered government. This night they were evenly divided.

The council had just received the word of Nagasaki. They were also reeling from the news that the U.S.S.R. had entered the war the night before. The Russians were moving into Manchuria; their guns and propaganda machinery were proceeding in a massive mobilization.

The Japanese War Minister still held his bloc together. They did not want to surrender. The meeting was deadlocked. Premier Suzuki would not break the tie by voting himself. It remained three-to-three. The split remained hopeless until 2 a.m. the following day.

An eye-witness tells what happened then. Admiral Suzuki rose to his feet and quietly said: "Gentlemen, we have spent hours in deliberation without coming to a decision and yet agreement is not in sight. You are fully aware that we cannot afford to waste even a minute at this juncture. I propose, therefore, to seek the Imperial guidance and substitute it for the decision of this conference."

This was the first time the Emperor had been called on for an active part in such councils. He responded with a decision.

He said there was but one choice before him: "To call a halt to the war and accept the Allies' terms, bearing what was indeed very hard to bear."

The war was over.

The cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki lay flat and black and still. There was very little movement, except where some remains of the great fires still smouldered. Some Japanese survivors who had apparently been uninjured still walked around. They did not realize that they would be dead shortly through the effects of radiation.

All around the world millions of men and women were celebrating the end of the war. For the first time in years soldiers could plan for peace.

Millions were shocked at the surprise given to the Japanese, but few men knew of the other surprises which the bomb would have for all of us. We had moved from the shadow of the war to the shadow of the bomb.

In this way began the atomic world in which our children and their children must find their way.

Did the bombs win the war or did they merely "close" the war?

Many military men answer that Japan was already defeated. They say both Hiroshima and Nagasaki were militarily unnecessary.

Various services of the U.S. Government still claim that their particular efforts won the war, regardless of the bomb. One has to remember, however, the partisan bias of each service.

The Russians, of course, in their press made a great thing of the fact that they entered the war in the Pacific and, presto, that war was over. At first glance this seems ridiculous. However, even some Americans have believed that it was in fact quite important to the Japanese to know that from that point on they would be fighting a two-front war.

Japan's surrender was quite different from that of Germany. Japan stopped short of total disintegration, and consequently one can find support for a theory that she "should" have surrendered much earlier, or one can support the theory that she could have gone on for some indefinite time.

Personally, without exhaustive study of the complicated surrender story, I believe that Japan was beaten, but was not ready to surrender until the bomb. The bomb gave an excuse or reason to Japan for surrender close to America's terms.

And I have a theory which no one else has expressed: it gave Americans another reason, too. Americans, on hearing of the bomb, were more willing to see the war end, even if it meant some concessions to the Japanese, as in the matter of their Emperor.

Was Hiroshima a military target?

In the words of Truman, according to the book, *Mr. President*: "I had told Stimson that the bomb should be dropped as nearly as possible upon a war production centre of military importance."

Nagasaki, home of an important Mitsubishi works, was far more of an industrial centre and some have thought Hiroshima was a departure from "military bombing."

Hiroshima was a port of embarkation, frequently filled with troops, and also had war industry. The turn in policy which developed "area bombing" had been made some months earlier. That went far beyond what would have been called "military targets" at the start of the war, and parts of Hiroshima would have been targets under a more narrow definition.

It appears that the American public then or later did not realize that their country had already adopted a policy of bombing entire districts with high explosives and incendiaries. Hiroshima was the first such raid in which this policy was clearly seen by the whole world.

The numbers of civilians killed at Hiroshima shocked the air power command, as it shocked Oppenheimer and others. This was not planned. It appears that America did not, in fact, have any idea that the city would be so unprotected. She sent only three planes, because any more might perhaps have brought out dangerous anti-aircraft or fighter planes in counter-attack.

As a result of avoiding this attack, she inadvertently achieved another effect in that the Japanese did not set off the air raid alarm that would have driven the Hiroshima citizens to shelter.

That accidental happening cost the lives of tens of thousands of women and children who were not military targets and whom the United States had no intention of killing.

THE END

© *Michael Amrine, 1959*

"The Great Decision," by Michael Amrine, will be published as a book by Heinemann later this year.

ADVERSITY—3

Little minds are damped and subdued by misfortunes; but great ones rise above them.

Washington Irving

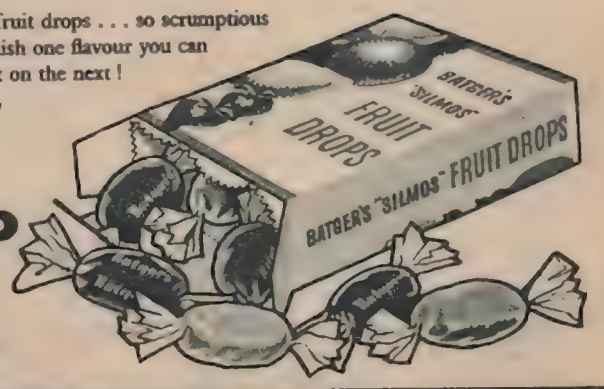
Batger's

Silmos Fruit Drops

THE FRUITIEST FRUIT DROPS

Silmos fruit drops . . . so scrumptious that when you finish one flavour you can hardly wait to start on the next!

Go on, have another!



9D

PER QUARTER

ALSO IN CARTONS

And Batger's FRUIT PASTILLES too . . .

. . . So wonderfully chewy and refreshing—especially when the sun's bright and you want to drink in those fruit flavours!

10d. Cartons

The women who marched to war

continued from page 19

the hungry eight thousand. Unfortunately for their digestion, it smelled too good as it was cooking. The troops insisted on being served long before the conscientious cooks could declare that the meal was ready. They fell like pirates on the steaming contents of the baths, holding to the old soldier's philosophy: "What won't fatten will fill."

The War Office and other government departments took years to get the billeting forms into the right files. But for the A.T.S. as well as the rest of the nation this was a summer of desperate initiative. A month after the "miracle of Thurso" fifty girls in khaki spent five nights in France in the trenches behind what was now the front line.

"Everywhere we went we seemed to be pursued by the Germans," reported their n.c.o. "Half an hour after we left Dieppe the harbour was bombed and bombarded. We went on to Rennes, to Vitré, back to Rennes again and on to Rouen amid the bombs. Then we marched in single file into the trenches."

This group was finally evacuated through St. Malo. Meanwhile twenty-four A.T.S. switchboard operators were still manning the Paris telephone exchange. When every body of Allied troops had left the capital they finally scrambled aboard an R.A.F. lorry, half an hour before the entry of the German Army, and went towards the coast, where they immediately opened another exchange. But soon they were forced to abandon this and get across to St. Malo. After four days on the road they marched on to the dark dockside and were safely evacuated. Mary Carter, the officer in charge of the telephonists, received the M.B.E.

The response to Dunkirk and the bombing was merely the more eager enrolment of women. A former member of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps from the first World War had entered an enclosed Roman Catholic order as a nun in a Paris convent. Before France fell she received a circular from her old comrades' association asking for members to enlist again. With the permission of her mother superior she came out into the bustle of the Paris streets which would have been unfamiliar enough even if they had not been choked with refugees.

Nun's concession

On a borrowed bicycle she made her way across the city to seek permission from Cardinal Vernier for a temporary remission of her vows. The cardinal was sympathetic but said that final approval must come from Cardinal Hinsley in London. As an unprotected civilian she fought her way to London and was finally absolved from her vows for the duration of the war. She immediately enlisted as an A.T.S. driver.

The formation of mixed heavy ack-ack batteries was officially announced on May 19, 1941, declaring that "the instrument numbers and a large proportion of the administrative personnel will be A.T.S." It was felt that no woman should actually fire a lethal weapon in war, but on some sites the girls heaved the shells to the gunners.

In their approved jobs the girls were generally quicker and more accurate than men. As spotters they identified a target—having had to memorize 250 types of aircraft—and had to keep their telescopes on it while the guns were notified of bearing and angle. Once the plane was spotted the girls on the height-finder had half a dozen seconds to register its height. Six girls on the predictor fed into the "fruit machine" at extreme speed details of the height, distance and speed of the aircraft, and allowances for wind and natural conditions.

The "jack-pot," given when the predictor registered steady and only effective if the details given by the rest of the team were accurate, was the prediction by the girl Number One, of the correct fuse to set in the shells. This would be passed to the guns, which would then wait until the order "Fire" was given by the gun position officer.

The indispensable share in the work and triumphs of a mixed battery gave women a tremendous confidence and *élan* which was not always supported in the highest circles of the A.T.S. Winston Churchill sent a memo marked "Action this day" to his Secretary of State for War saying:

"During my visit to the Richmond Anti-Aircraft Mixed Battery I learned with much surprise that the present policy of the A.T.S. is that A.T.S. personnel in mixed batteries should not consider themselves part of the battery and that no 'battery *esprit de corps*' was to be allowed. This is very wounding to the A.T.S. personnel, who have been deprived of badges, lanyards, etc., of which they were proud."

Churchill exploded: "There is an idea prevalent among the ladies managing the A.T.S. that nothing must conflict with loyalty to the A.T.S. and that 'battery *esprit de corps*' is

ADVERSITY—4

Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Plutarch

counter to their interest or theme. No tolerance can be shown to this. The prime sphere of the women commanders is welfare and this should occupy their main endeavours. . . . Mrs. Jean Knox (the chief controller) and her assistants should be admirable in all this, but do not let them get in the way of the happy active life of the batteries."

The happy life of the mixed batteries included mixed route marches for a battery near Nottingham, where the officer obligingly allowed the troops to fall out for an hour at the local pub. On the return trip both men and girls would sing the girls' marching song to the tune of *Anchors Away*:

"We are the Ack-Ack girls,
Marching along.
We are the Ack-Ack girls
And this is just our marching song.
We joined the Artillery
To fight for youth and right.
When we get to Germany
We'll hang the blighters on the
Siegfried Line."

On isolated sites the girls were occasionally in tents, generally in huts, but sometimes in deserted houses. The first night when one group went to bed in a bombed cottage they wore their tin hats because the rain was coming through the roof. Then there were flashes of lightning and they all threw off not only their helmets but the curlers in their hair as well.

The worth of the work which the women were doing was recognized by the full integration of the A.T.S. into the forces of the Crown, and the consequent grant of the King's Commission to its officers. Captain Richmond, of Babbacombe, was in the first entry to pass out of O.C.T.U. to receive her commission—though she has never actually handled or seen this mythical parchment in her life.

Ack-ack successes

The guns were notching up achievement and some women were paying the price. One of the girls' first successes came in a mixed battery firing near Newcastle which, on December 8, 1941, went into action for the first time and shot a plane into the sea.

On a South Coast site eighteen-year-old Nora Caveney from Walsden, near Rochdale, was following an enemy plane at her predictor four months later under heavy retaliation when she was killed outright by a bomb splinter. Her friend Gladys Keel, a spotter, immediately took her place at the predictor, kept on to the plane, and the guns continued firing. Nora was the first auxiliary killed in action against the enemy and was buried with full military honours.

Drivers in the A.T.S. had always had a tough and adventurous time. During the first winter of the war they had driven open vehicles in three-day convoys even to the north of Scotland without any overcoats to wear, for none had been issued.

At first they had driven five-ton lorries until their limit was set at three tons. But heavy gun tractors were a part of their routine. In trains of thirty vehicles they had taken trucks to depots and docks for shipment overseas, driving in the dense blackout and inevitably suffering casualties. Girls who drove for bomb disposal officers were subject to severe risks from premature explosions.

Many of them were physically too minute for the job. Corporal Peggy Hughes was so small that she had a petrol can between her and the back of the seat to enable her to reach the clutch. And her reaction to a drive over Shap Fell without a windscreen was to keep a hot water bottle on her knee. "I don't care what the men say," she declared, "I fill it up every time we stop."

By the time Princess Elizabeth was a driver the Normandy invasion was a reality. The Americans had come, and many of them had gone. The A.T.S. had experienced their first twinge of envy at the sight of nylon stockings on the legs of American W.A.C.s. And as a slight concession the War Office had solemnly decreed: "Members of the A.T.S. may now wear their stockings inside out during off-duty hours." The reverse surface of a khaki stocking was considered more glamorous.

Nine A.T.S. signals operators at Shaef gave the world the news that D-Day had arrived. The first to read No. 1 Communiqué was Lance-Corporal Mary Parry of Southampton, the twenty-four year old wife of a R.E.M.E. craftsman in Italy.

But Private Joan Babbage *could* have leaked the information some time earlier. She was a teleprinter operator at an ordnance depot in Nesscliff, Shropshire, which was concerned with sending small arms to be loaded up at the coast. She handled an uncoded message hurrying the last consignment since the expeditionary force would leave at the hour and date in early June which the world now calls D-Day.

She merely called to the friend with whom she was working, "Come and look at this," and never mentioned it again until secrecy was unnecessary.

Very soon after D-Day A.T.S. of many trades were serving in France. The first to arrive were confidential clerks to Montgomery's 21st Army Group. They landed on the coast from a DUKW landing craft.

As soon as they reached camp they washed their smalls and had a tent set up for ironing. Twelve hours later they were at work taking dictation and typing orders fifteen miles from the very fluid front.

The mixed batteries left in England were moving hastily south to meet the menace of the buzz-bombs, the deadly V-1s. Mary Churchill was serving in a battery in Hyde Park. On the morning of Sunday, June 18, 1944, Mrs. Churchill decided to pay the battery a visit. She found it in action. A black object dived out of the clouds and fell on the Guards Chapel at Wellington Barracks, a few yards from Buckingham Palace. A special commemorative service was in progress and two hundred men, mainly from the Guards, were killed.

There were many mixed searchlight troops buttressing the ack-ack and fighter "roof over Britain," and in action against the flying bombs. Lieutenant Harold West, a troop commander, said: "The girls attached to searchlight batteries for plotting carried on plotting even when they were showered with broken glass after a bomb burst.

Girl sentry's bravery

"A girl sentry at headquarters camp saw a flying-bomb coming straight at the camp. She did not duck—she stood there pushing the alarm button. Three of us were killed and twenty-one injured, but if it had not been for the girl it could easily have been twenty-four killed."

When the Mums of today look back to assess the girls they were yesterday they all marvel at the indifference to hardship and rough conditions which they felt then. "We could never do it now," they assure you.

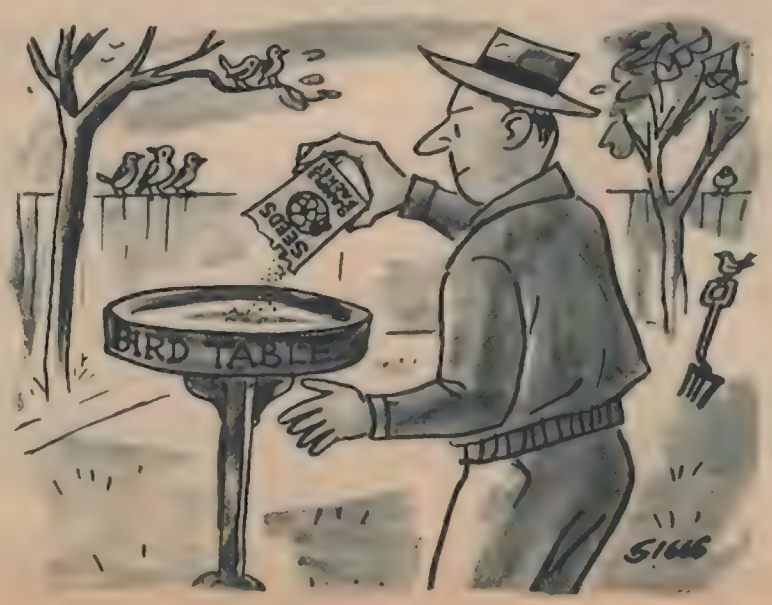
Marriages within mixed units were a very common occurrence, but were immediately followed by a separation posting. In some units officers needed only a hint that a couple were "steady" to post one of them away.

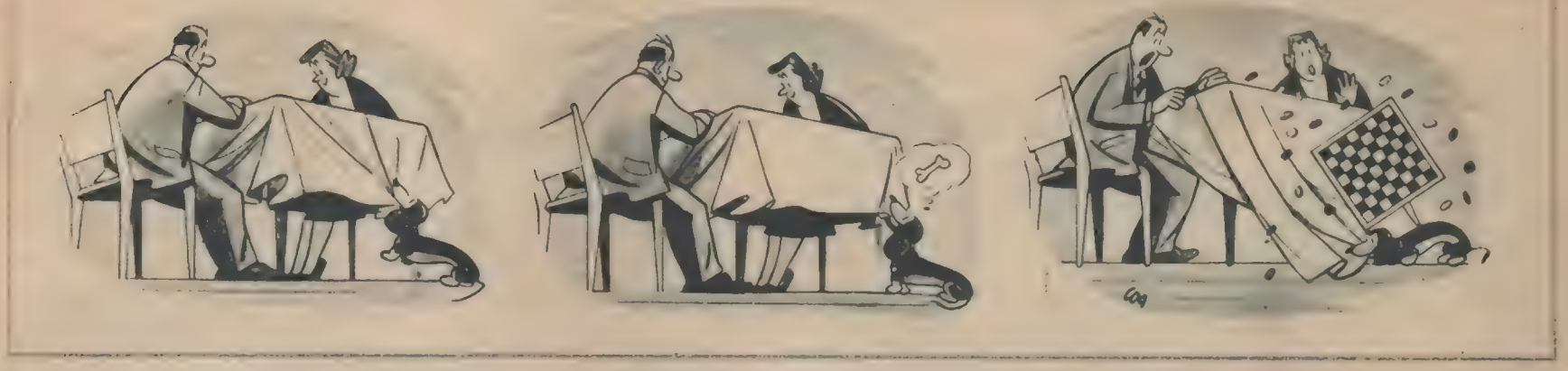
The war had been on for two years before an Army Council Instruction permitted women to wear signet rings and engagement rings "so long as the stones are turned into the palm." Indeed, in the beginning a special ruling had to be drafted before a married auxiliary could be granted a sleeping-out pass to stay with her husband if both were on duty in one area.

But V-Day came, and the tribulations began to be sorted out. The women began to think more seriously of their real rôle in this world. Raising a family seemed more attractive and important than attending a peacetime parade.

One of the new Mums was Mrs. Comben, formerly Corporal Kemp of the Ack-Ack. Her contribution to the next generation was triplets. And she was immediately ribbed by her old comrades: "Why are you still army-minded? You don't *have* to form up in threes."

THE END





Son of the dales

continued from page 14

water's coming from an old bore hole. Mebbe our picks were within feet of it. At rate it's draining, won't be long before we're clear of it."

Then Jim remembered the small torch he'd brought in his breast pocket. If only the water hadn't put it out of action—if only that fall hadn't broken the bulb. . . . His damp, chilly hand groped in the pocket, pulled out the torch. For a moment his finger was afraid to press the switch, in case. . . .

A thin beam of light cut through the blackness. The surprise of it startled Mike into a little sob of relief. Jim swung it in a slow arc across their faces, reddened with slime, their eyes blinking under the sudden brilliance.

"Level of water's going down," said Stan.

Bill pointed behind them. The bend of the shaft had disappeared, hidden by a choked barrier of rubble and ore and soil and splintered rock. There might be ten tons of it. There might be a thousand. There was no way of telling.

Bill shook his head. "Nay, lads. Tackle that with our picks and there might be another fall. Shine torch t'other end, Jim."

The beam turned to the face they had been working on. It was no longer there. Instead, they were staring at a shattered hole, a sort of ragged archway, from which gushed a pinkish stream growing shallower.

"Coom on, Jim."

Bill plunged towards it. The others followed close behind. At the entrance to the archway they were no more than knee-deep. Bill craned his neck, beckoned Jim to hold the torch nearer. They were looking up a narrow, vertical shaft about a yard across, its sides knobbly and glistening. He had been right. It was an ancient bore-hole. Somewhere up above, there lay a lovely world under the light of the sky.

Bill said: "Take a squint, you lads."

They squeezed inside in turn, staring up, and saying nothing. At last Mike muttered: "How far to the top?"

Bill said: "Torch isn't strong enough." He thought for moments. "Mebbe nay so far. Mebbe it's choked with briers. Switch off, Jim."

Jim obeyed. It took moments to adjust their sight to the returned darkness. Then they glimpsed the tiniest pin-points of light, like stardust, in the black head of the shaft.

Stan spoke. "It's hard to gauge. Two hundred feet, mebbe?"

"Aye," said Bill soberly, "mebbe." He knew it might be two hundred miles, for all they could do about it.

Mike rubbed his hands, blew on them. His teeth were chattering. The torch had been switched on again and under the light of it his eyes looked very young and pitiful.

"Can't we do owt?" he said shakily.

Bill clapped him on the shoulder. "Don't you fret. Rescue team'll be down already. All we've got to do is wait."

"Mebbe we can hear 'em at job," said Bill. "Let's listen."

They listened and heard nothing except the gurgle of the pink water and odd drippings from the shaft walls.

Between the streaks of hematite slime Mike's skin had a blue tinge. No effort of will could stop the chattering of his teeth. Jim, too, found it difficult to keep from shivering. Dry, they could have endured a long while. But sodden clothes were taking their toll.

"What'll y'have, Stan?" said Tubby. "Pint of the best and two fingers o' rum?"

Stan grunted. Tubby said: "What about a dollop of singing? Good for the lungs, good for the circulation." He started to bellow: "One man went to mow, went to mow a medder. . . ."

The others joined in. They got to "Fifty-seven men went to mow, went to mow a medder" before their voices tailed away. The silence at the end of it had an aching emptiness. Mike looked no more than a terrified boy.

Jim was still holding his pick. The touch of the wooden handle must have given him the inspiration. He reversed it, thudded the haft on the rock, took off the head.

Bill said sharply: "What's t'game?"

"Wait a tick. Where's another pick? Ah, yonder." The curving head of one, caught against the base of the gallery wall, stuck up through the receding water. Jim grabbed it, removed the head, shoved the handle through the belt of his boiler suit.

"I've not climbed crags for nowt. Here, hold the torch."

He shoved it between Bill's fingers, stretched his right arm high, wedged the wooden handle across a segment of the bore-hole, the ends resting on rough projections. Then his arm hauled and his agile body swung upwards. Perched on the wooden spar, he pulled the other from his belt, stretched up again, and fitted it as a second rung.

Down below, they were staring with new hope. Jim was astraddle the second rung, and leaning low to grab and retrieve the first. Already he was ten feet above them.

Bill called: "For God's sake, lad, go careful."

Jim called back a buoyant "Aye."

The sliminess of the walls was tricky. But there were cracks in some of the great fell buttresses, slippery chimneys, which he had tackled by using wedged shoulders and elbows, his upturned soles rammed against the opposite side. He had the head for it, and experience, though to his mates beneath it might be sickening.

Presently he was ascending beyond the range of the torch, a moving shadow.

The muscles of Bill's throat stirred. "If he loses his grip. . . . Lads, whether you know owt or nowt of prayer, pray now."

High above them, Jim had reached the mouth of the bore-hole. His head and shoulders were thrusting up through a spiky clutch of briers. He dragged himself free.

A quarter of a mile away stood the corrugated fencing and buildings of the mine. At full tilt he raced over the derelict ground, shouting and waving.

A bunch of women was crowded about the entrance gates. Peggie flung herself at him, and held on as if she would never let go.

In quick, jerky sentences Jim told her the news, then shouted it aloud to the men who were gathering round. In ten minutes a rope was being lowered down the bore-hole. In twenty more his mates were out, Bill Dent last.

Smiling his gratitude through the slime and filth, Bill said: "Lad, but for you and what them fells taught you —nay, it don't bear thinking about."

People were slapping Jim on the shoulder. A woman burst into tears and gripped his hands.

The quietest of them was Peggie. Not until the three of them were back at her father's house, Jim cleaned up and wearing clothes borrowed from Bill, did that quietness change.

Drawing him into the tiny back garden, she said in a stifled voice: "When the news got round, I think I wanted to die."

"Now, lass. . . ."

"Don't stop me. I've got to say it."

Her mouth quivered. "I kept telling myself it was me that sent you down there. I vowed that, if only you could be safe, I'd never care about money again."

Comfortingly, Jim began again: "Now, lass. . . ."

"Wait." She held him at arms length, her eyes beseeching. "When I've got over this, maybe I'll still like money. But I'll like you more." She was looking towards the eastern skyline and the far, misty ramparts of the fells. "Yonder's your life. I'll share it with you there."

He said with a kind of solemn urgency: "But, Peg!"

Suddenly her face was against his chest. "Take me to Throstleholme, Jim," she murmured chokily, "and if ever I complain, remind me of this day."

THE END

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Jungle samaritan

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superior, "but there's going to be one now. We're going to try and cut that wire off."

Chopra would have liked to send to Assam or Mysore for professional elephant catchers, who were still to be found in those areas, though they were getting older each year as their trade died out, but such an operation would have cost far more than the Wild Life Conservation department could allow. He contemplated various methods of doping the animal, but realized that capture must come first. He'd never seen a *keddah*, but had read about it, and he made his arrangements.

He and his staff themselves built the circular stockade and stretched out, each side of the entrance, the wings that would guide the gently driven tusker into the trap.

Then they engaged local villagers as beaters for the drive.

The stockade had been built with the big elephant's known habits in mind.

He was not molested, but also he was not allowed to wander. If he turned aside, he would hear men speak, or the back of an axe tapped on a tree, and he avoided the sound. Being a wild bull, he was quite likely to attack if disturbed, even though ill, but he would much rather get away than try conclusions with mankind. So he limped along the way they had chosen for him.

"Anyone who frightens this elephant," Chopra had briefed the beaters, "will not be paid. If we frighten him, he may break back and we shall lose him. At the close of the beat, when I blow my whistle, then—and only then—he is to be hustled on with noise. The moment he is in the trap, Moti Lal here will release the gate."

Soon the elephant was approaching the trap. The beaters, with Chopra among them, had been widely spaced in a half moon behind and alongside him, but they were now closing up. In fact, they and the wings of the stockade had made contact.

The elephant was showing signs of uneasiness, and might at any moment become dangerous. The tusker knew he was surrounded but was not sure what to do next. Sometimes he made sorties to test for a way of escape, and sometimes he hid in the small area now left to him. The men gently troubled him along. Always there was only one side where peace offered and where he sought to escape; until suddenly the concealed wings of the stockade opened to receive him, the whistle blew, shouts and tins rang behind him.

He plunged forward, the only way he could see. The gate dropped, with a swish of the leaves that had concealed it and a thud from the tree-trunk that bolted it shut.

The stockade was a small one, but some cover had been left inside, to give an appearance of naturalness, otherwise the tusker might have refused to enter. He came in with a rush, halted, rushed back. He surged round for a way out. His trunk lashed along the walls, up and down, testing them. He retreated to the middle.

He was a pitiful sight. Every stampeding step he took damaged his bleeding, swollen legs further, and the wounds had begun to suppurate.

At this point in a normal *keddah*, the big training elephants belonging

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Make the day
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Jungle samaritan

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to the catchers would have been brought up to enter the stockade and help rope the captured animals inside. Today there was only one wild elephant in the trap, and they'd got to get ropes on him without the aid of tame elephants.

Chopra and his men, armed with nooses which were well anchored, perched themselves on the posts of the stockade. Shouts and stones from the other side then urged the elephant towards them.

He came blundering round the inside of the trap. Fishing for him, Chopra got a noose round one leg. Someone else got another.

But they had caught an earthquake. At the touch of the ropes, the tusker floundered, trumpeted, shook his great head, squealed and fought.

Just as they were getting nooses round the other two legs, and preparing to haul them all tight, the elephant leaned once more against the stockade, which began to give before him. They had underestimated his strength, and suddenly the tusker felt his power. He brought all his weight to bear.

WITH a ripple of reports like machine-gun fire, the stockade was pulled crooked and over as the huge elephant pressed it down and burst his way out. He snapped the two ropes by which he was attached and, with them still trailing from him, crashed off into the jungle, taking no notice of the further pain and injury he was dealing himself at every step.

The foliage swayed to a standstill behind him. Dust settled. Men picked themselves up.

Chopra thought fast, but there was nothing to be done. Anyone who followed the Maharajah now would be killed.

Disappointment was bitter. Why, only a few minutes ago the animal had been here, tied up and about to be freed of the wire, while now . . . Chopra cursed himself for the lost opportunity, but it was futile to waste time in vain regrets. Nor would it be feasible to try another *keddah*. Apart from anything else, he could not risk the lives of his men in that way with an animal which would now be suspicious and very dangerous.

He looked at his rifle.

"Shall we try a pitfall?" suggested one of the men.

Chopra shook his head. "Too damaging. And how could we get the wire off, even if we did catch him?"

But his mind was turning over other methods of capturing wild elephants.

"If we had some trained female elephants," he pondered, "we could try *mela shikar*. Bring them up each side of him——"

"Sir, there is a female belonging to the Forest Department at Badgaon, who came from Assam——"

Chopra leaped to his feet. "And one they keep at Gogra Fort. . . ." Excitement lit his face like lightning. "Well, if they will lend them, we can try."

The two female elephants came with their own mahouts to try and take the Maharajah by guile.

It was a highly dangerous venture, but all the men were keen to try it. Although the two mahouts had been on *mela shikar* when they were boys and knew the drill, and both these elephants had been used for that purpose years ago, there were no trained catchers there to help. That task must fall to Chopra and one other.

There were immediate volunteers, out of whom he chose Moti Lal.

The mahouts explained the old and well-tried method.

"We shall follow the Maharajah and allow him to think that our two animals are wild like himself," they said. There was no need to reassure men like Chopra and his staff that the wild bull would not notice men on the other elephants' backs, for jungle animals never did notice them any more than they noticed human beings in cars. "And so eventually we shall bring our animals up each side of him. You two, sir, will be riding with us, one on each elephant, and each of you with a coil of rope. While the two female elephants are caressing the Maharajah, you two must slip off and noose his back legs to a big tree."

Having practised with the ropes first, they were as ready as possible for what might come. Moti Lal, on the other elephant, smiled across at Chopra to keep them both in good heart.

IT was not difficult to pick up the Maharajah's trail, for he was limping, and still dragging broken ropes. After some miles, they knew he could be only a short way ahead; and in due course there he was, dejected and dangerous, among bamboo clumps.

The two female elephants were nervous. Chopra could feel the heart of his one thumping so violently that, had he a rifle with him, he could not have taken aim.

The mahouts made their mounts approach with the absolute casualness of wild elephants browsing. Pulling leaves here and there, and eating as they went, the females did nothing to alert the tusker. Their progress was unhurried.

The bull they were stalking was in pain, and so in no mood to be interested in females. He must be wooed, but his thought might well turn to slaughter rather than love.

An hour later, the two tame elephants were edging up to the tusker, one each side. The trunk of one of them bumped along the wild lord's shoulder. Then the three were so close that Chopra heard their skins scrape together. He could have stepped on to the muddy, dusty back of the wild tusker alongside. His own heart was thumping loudly, too.

The Maharajah was dreadfully thin now, due to days of pain. His backbone stood out like rocks. He was, however, still alive enough to appreciate the females' blandishments.

At the given signal, Chopra and Moti Lal slipped down the rear and began to pass their ropes several times round the back legs of the wild elephant.

Surely he would feel them—and swing round to murder those who were touching him? It was but small consolation to know that wild bulls had been captured this way, times without number, for centuries.

The elephant's flesh twitched beneath their hands. He made as if to brush an irritation from one leg with the other.

But now the ropes were round, doubled and trebled. Hastily the men secured the other ends to trees.

The mahouts, seeing the task accomplished, drew away with loud laughter and triumphant thigh-slapping. At their voices, and suddenly realizing he was attached to something, the Maharajah reacted violently, but this time there was no escape, and presently his struggles ceased. Exhausted, he stood captive.

Then the ropes were pulled tighter, doubled and secured. Other ropes were thrown around the forelegs and the elephant was stretched. Chopra administered the quietening injection, but, because of the animal's weak condition, he dared not give a full dose, and it seemed to have little effect.

Let the job be quickly done, then.

He took the wire clippers which he had feared he would never get a chance to use, and cut the barbed wire away from the trembling flesh. He lanced the abscesses and drained and washed them with disinfectant.

At last everything was accomplished.

Now came the most difficult task of all—releasing this dangerous wild giant. For, as he was loosed, he would attack. And no further dope could be administered now, for fear that, when free, he would blunder into deep water and drown while not fully conscious.

They got running loops round the legs. They cut the first ropes off. They pulled the loops away and dropped them and ran for their lives.

The tusker found himself suddenly free. He collected his feet and whipped round to fight his way out of this place where he had been so hurt.

HE saw Chopra, who had foolishly stopped to watch what would happen. The Maharajah's trunk flew out to utter one piercing blast. Then it curled back between the tusks, out of danger, as he broke into that utterly terrifying thing—the charge of a wild elephant.

Chopra found himself running, and he ran faster than he had ever run before. Behind him, closer and closer, the earth shook.

There was a little rocky hill at hand. Instinct, not reason, told him that here might be a moment's respite, and he fled up it on winged feet.

At the hillock, the Maharajah braked, throwing up dust and gravel. He could have got through the rocks, slowly, had he been vindictive, but he was merely angry. He blew with fury, but then wheeled off and made good his escape. He was not, after all, a killer. Once he had got away and recovered and been left in peace, he would forgive all this, and remember it only as a lesson never to let men near him again.

When Chopra could breathe, he laughed till he cried, and his men with him, at the way he had run—at the memory of the elephant's triumphant backside as he made his exit. Every line of his body had seemed to shout that men were trying to kill him, but—see! He had got away.

But three weeks later, the elephant made repayment, though he did not know what he gave.

There was a full moon, black water, an otter pushing a thick silver ripple across a pool. Chopra, among moonlit leaves, saw the tusker coming up the river-bed, along the sand, through the white light and darkness, splashing the water up into glittering veils as he passed through the shallows like a rip of silk. He had fattened out again, and he was swinging his trunk with the lively abandon of a very healthy elephant. He was washed clean, the tusks shone like sabres. . . .

Suddenly it was a moment of vision. Chopra received from the elephant a picture—a masterpiece, you might say, which will remain with him all his life, and which he and his men had made available to others also, perhaps for ever.

THE END

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THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

The death, after a fall, of Mortimer Halvard, a well-known rock-climber, at Devil's Face in the Cairngorms.

FIRST WITNESS

I am Andrew Fielding. Halvard's death was a fantastic, one-in-a-million accident. He fell only thirty feet—before we could tauten the safety rope to stop his descent. There were three of us, Halvard, myself and Ian Appleton, and we were roped together. Halvard started first to negotiate a rather tricky overhang. He was about thirty feet from the ground when he slipped. Appleton, who was behind him, was paying out rope. He must have let out about fifty feet. Suddenly Halvard yelled and then fell. He dropped like a stone and caught his head a fearful smack.

SECOND WITNESS

I'm Ian Appleton. The tragedy of it is that if Halvard had fallen from higher up, the rope would have tightened and caught him before he hit the ground. As it was, he hadn't the ghost of a chance. We hurried down and found he was dead. He had struck his head against a boulder. We left him exactly as he was and went for help.

THIRD WITNESS

My name is Ronald Wilson. I was alone in the hut when Fielding and Appleton rushed in and said there had been an accident. I went with them to the foot of Devil's Face and found poor Halvard where he had fallen. The ground was grassy but there were small boulders everywhere and he must have hit his head on one. I saw blood on a stone near him. I'd say there was no doubt that he died instantly. He was lying on a large tangle of rope which was quite sodden with blood. The poor chap must have struck his head very hard. It was half smashed in.

Turn to page 37 for the Inspector's comments

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by OLAF RUHEN

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How right you are, Jeeves

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back five thousand of the best and brightest. Bertie, get your car out and go to Market Snodsbury Station and see if the bookstall has a copy of this week's. . . . No, wait, I shan't be a minute," she said, and went out.

"I suppose this is fairly serious, Kipper?" I said.

He writhed like an Ouled Nail stomach dancer. It was plain that what had occurred had got right in amongst him.

"*Fairly* serious? It's the end of all things. Do you know what happens to an editorial assistant on a weekly paper who lets the bosses in for substantial libel damages?"

"He gets the push?"

"Yes, and finds it pretty damned difficult to get another job. He's on the black list. What it boils down to is that I shall be barred everywhere and shall end up selling pencils in the gutter," said Kipper, and he had just buried his face in his hands when the door opened to reveal Bobbie.

"Oh!" she said haughtily, and even as she spoke a hollow groan emerged from Kipper's lips and he raised an ashen face. At the sight the haughtiness went out of Roberta Wickham with a whoosh. She bounded at him like a leopardess reunited with its lost cub.

"Reggie, darling, what is it?" she cried, her whole demeanour undergoing a marked change for the better.

Aunt Dahlia returned. She had a slip of paper in her hand. "I was right," she said. "I know Upjohn's first move on writing a book would be to subscribe to a press-cutting agency. I found this on the hall table. It's your review of his slim volume, young Herring, and, having run an eye over it, I'm not surprised that he's a little wounded. I'll read it to you."

As might have been expected, this having been foreshadowed a good deal in one way and another, what Kipper had written was on the severe side, and I freely confess that, as far as I was concerned, it fell into the rare and refreshing fruit class. It concluded as follows:

"The Reverend Aubrey Upjohn might have taken a different view of preparatory schools if he had done a stretch at the Dotheboys Hall, conducted by him at Malvern House, Bramley-on-Sea, as we had the misfortune to do. We have not forgotten the sausages on Sunday, which were made not from contented pigs but from pigs which had expired, regretted by all, of glanders, the botts and tuberculosis."

UNTIL these words left the aged relative's lips, Kipper had been sitting back in his chair with the tips of his fingers together, nodding from time to time as much as to say, "Caustic, yes, but perfectly legitimate criticism." But on hearing this excerpt he did another of his sitting high jumps.

"But I never wrote that," he gasped. "That's libellous!"

"So Upjohn and his legal eagle seem to feel."

"Let me look at that," yipped Kipper. "I don't understand this. No, half a second, darling. Not now," he said. For Bobbie had flung herself on him and was clinging to him like the ivy on the garden wall.

"Reggie!" she wailed. "It was me!"

"Eh?"

"That thing Mrs. Travers just read. You remember you showed me the proof of your review at lunch that day and told me to drop it off at the office, as you had to rush along to keep a golf date. I read it again after you had gone and saw that you had left out about the sausages—accidentally, I thought—and it seemed to me so frightfully funny and clever that . . . well, I put it in at the end. I felt it just rounded the thing off."

There was a pregnant, if that's the word, silence for some moments. Kipper stood blinking. Whether or not the idea of taking her neck in both hands and twisting it into a spiral floated through his mind, I cannot say, but if so it was merely the idle dream of a couple of seconds or so, for almost immediately love prevailed.

"Oh, I see," he said. "So that's how it was."

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"Of course I can."

"I could shoot myself. I've ruined your life."

"Nonsense. The *Thursday Review* isn't the only paper in London. If they fire me I'll accept employment elsewhere."

This scarcely squared with what Kipper had told me about being blacklisted, but I forbore to mention this, for I saw that his words had cheered Bobbie up considerably.

"All the same," said Aunt Dahlia, "I think, when Upjohn arrives, you had better do all you can to ingratiate yourself with him."

"Yes," I said. "Grapple him to your soul with hoops of steel, and there's a chance he might call the thing off."

"Something in that," said Kipper. "I'll have a pop at it."

Shortly after this I buzzed along to Pop Glossop's pantry for a restorative. He was busy polishing silver. Feeling that it would do no harm to get his views on prevailing conditions, I unfolded the tale of Kipper's woe.

"So you see the posish," I concluded. "The only way Kipper can avoid the fate that is worse than death, viz. letting his employers get nicked for sums beyond the dreams of avarice, is to ingratiate himself with Upjohn, which would seem to any thinking man a shot that's not on the board. I mean, he had four years with him at Malvern House, and didn't ingratiate himself once."

TO my surprise, Pop Glossop chuckled fatly, as if having spotted an amusing side to the thing which had escaped me. Having done this he blessed his soul.

"It really is quite extraordinary, my dear Bertie," he said, "how your lightest word seems to bring back old memories. This matter of the problem confronting your friend, Mr. Herring, is a case in point. While you were telling me of his troubles, the mists shredded away, the hands of the clock turned back, and I was once again a young fellow in my early twenties, deeply involved in the strange affair of Bertha Simmons, George Lanchester and old Mr. Simmons, who at that time resided in Putney. He was in the imported lard and butter business."

"The—er—what was that strange affair again?"

He repeated the cast of characters, asked me if I would care for another drop of port, and proceeded.

"George, a young man of volcanic passions—I rather think he had Spanish blood in him—met Bertha Simmons at a dance at Putney Town Hall in aid of the distressed widows of railway porters. They were twin souls."

"In fact, so far, so good?"

"Precisely. But there was an obstacle. George was a swimming instructor at the local baths, and Mr. Simmons had other and higher views for his daughter. He forbade the marriage. It was only when George saved him from drowning that he relented and gave the young couple his consent and blessing."

"How did that happen?"

"Perfectly simple. I took Mr. Simmons for a stroll on the river bank and pushed him in, and George, who was waiting in readiness, dived into the water and pulled him out. And what crossed my mind, as you were telling me of Mr. Herring's desire to ingratiate himself with Mr. Upjohn, was that here at Brankley Court I have noticed a small but quite adequate lake."

His words left me all of a glow. There was about an inch of the ruby juice nestling in my glass and, as he finished speaking, I raised the beaker in a reverent toast. I told him he had hit the bull's eye and was entitled to a cigar or coconut according to choice.

It was only as I emerged into the summer air that I remembered I hadn't told him that Wilbert had purchased, not pinched, the cow-creamer, and for a moment I thought of going back to apprise him. But first things first, I said to myself, and the immediate item on the agenda paper was the bringing of a new sparkle to Kipper's eyes.

KIPPER'S enthusiasm was unstinted. Both he and Bobbie agreed unreservedly that if Upjohn had the merest spark of decent feeling in him, which of course had still to be proved, the thing was in the bag.

With self all eagerness and enthusiasm for the work in hand, straining at the leash, as you might say, and full of the will to win, it came as an unpleasant surprise when I found on the following afternoon that Jeeves didn't think highly of Operation Upjohn.

"Ill-advised, sir, in my opinion," he commented.

"Ill-advised?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it worked all right in the case of Bertha Simmons, George Lanchester and old Mr. Simmons."

"Very possibly, sir."

"Then why this defeatist attitude?"

"It is merely a feeling, sir. I mistrust these elaborate schemes. One cannot depend on them."

I was getting a bit peeved by now. I had expected him to speed me on my way with words of encouragement and uplift, not to try to blunt the keen edge of my enthusiasm like this.

"Well, we have thought the thing out to the last detail," I said. "Miss Wickham asks Mr. Upjohn to come for a stroll with her. She leads him to the lake. I am standing on its brink, ostensibly watching the fishes playing amongst the reeds. Kipper is behind a neighbouring tree. On the cue 'Oh, look!' from Miss Wickham, accompanied by business of pointing with girlish excitement at something in the water, Upjohn bends over to peer. I push. Kipper dives in. And there you are. *Voilà*, as you might say. Nothing can possibly come unstuck."

"Just as you say, sir. But I still have that feeling."

The blood of the Woosters is hot, and

"**. . . and I say we were here first**"

"When they go to bed tomorrow night we'll play it back to them"

I was about to tell him in set terms what I thought of his ruddy feeling, when I suddenly spotted what it was that was making him crab the act. The green-eyed monster had bitten him. Even great men have these weaknesses. So I held back the acid crack I might have got off. No sense in twisting the knife in the wound, I mean.

All the same, I remained a bit hot under the collar, because our plans had already nearly been wrecked at the outset by the unfortunate circumstance of Upjohn, while in the metropolis, having shaved off his moustache, this causing Kipper to come within a touch of losing his nerve and calling the whole thing off. The sight of that bare expanse or steppe beneath the Upjohn nose, he told me, brought back the days when he had so often found his blood turning to ice on beholding it.

However, there was good stuff in the lad, and at three-thirty Greenwich Mean Time he was at his post behind the selected tree, positively all of a twitter, but resolved to do his bit.

It was, it seemed, a few minutes ahead of time, for there were no signs yet of the female star and her companion. I lit a cigarette and stood awaiting their entrance, and was pleased to note that conditions could scarcely have been better for the bathing event. It would be a positive pleasure to get shoved into a lake. I could see Upjohn having the time of his life. "Most refreshing," he would say to himself as the cool water played about his limbs.

I looked up and beheld Wilbert Cream approaching, the dog Poppet curvetting about his ankles.

It was plain that the loss of Phyllis Mills, goofy though she unquestionably was, had removed most of the sunshine from Wilbert's life, and I presumed that he was coming to me for sympathy and heart balm, which I would have been only too pleased to dish out. I hoped, of course, that he would make it crisp and leave me at an early date, for with the stern work that lay before me I didn't want an audience.

It was not, however, on the topic of Phyllis that he proceeded to touch.

"Oh, Wooster," he said, "I was talking to my mother just now."

"Oh, yes?" I said, suggesting with a slight wave of the hand that if he liked to talk to his mother anywhere he had my permission.

"She tells me you are interested in mice."

I didn't like the trend of the conversation, but I preserved my aplomb.

"Why, yes, fairly interested."

"She says she found you trying to catch one in my bedroom. That right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Good of you to bother."

"Not at all."

"She says you seemed to be making a very thorough search."

"Oh, well, you know, when one sets one's hand to the plough."

"You didn't find the mouse?"

"No, no mouse. Sorry."

"I wonder if by any chance you happened to find an eighteenth-century cow-creamer?"

"Eh?"

"Sort of silver jug."

"No. Why, was it on the floor somewhere?"

"It was in a drawer of the bureau."

"Ah, then I would have missed it."

"You'd certainly miss it if you went mouse-hunting now. It's gone."

"Gone? How odd."

I had spoken with all the old Wooster coolness, and I doubt if a casual observer would have guessed that Bertram was not at his ease. But I had divined what had happened. Pop Glossop, all zeal, had embarked on the search he had planned to make and his trained senses, developed by years of hunt-the-slipper, had triumphed.

"I was going to ask you," said Wilbert, "if you think I should inform Mrs. Travers."

The cigarette I was smoking was fortunately one of those the advertisements say make you nonchalant, and it was nonchalantly—or fairly nonchalantly—that I replied.

"Oh, I wouldn't. Might upset her."

"You consider her a sensitive plant?"

"Oh, very. Rugged exterior, of course, but you can't go by that. No, I'd just wait awhile, if I were you. I expect it's somewhere where you didn't think you'd put it."

"You feel it will return?"

"Like a homing pigeon."

"It had better, or there will be a stink raised in this house that'll blow the roof off," said Wilbert Cream, and turned away to say pip-pip to Bobbie and the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn, who had just loomed up at the landing stage.

I had found Wilbert's manner a little odd, but I was glad that there was no lurking suspicion in his mind that I had taken the bally thing. Nevertheless, I was still much shaken, and I made a mental note to tell Roddy Glossop to slip the cow-creamer back at the earliest possible moment.

I shifted over to where Bobbie and the Rev. Aubrey were standing. "Hallo, Bobbie," I said.

"Hallo, Bertie," she said.

"Hallo, Upjohn," I said.

Bobbie was all girlish animation. "I've been telling Mr. Upjohn about that big fish we saw yesterday, Bertie."

"Ah, yes, the big fish."

"I brought him down here to show it to him."

"Quite right. You'll enjoy the big fish, Upjohn."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," the Rev. Aubrey said. "It is most inconvenient for me to leave the house at this time. I am expecting a telephone call from my lawyer."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother about telephone calls from lawyers," I said heartily. "You'll never forgive yourself if you miss the big fish. You were saying, Upjohn?" I broke off courteously, for he had spoken.

"I was saying, Mr. Wooster, that both you and Miss Wickham are labouring under a singular delusion in supposing that I am interested in fish. I am returning to the house."

"Oh, don't go yet," I said.

"Wait for the big fish," said Bobbie.

As her eyes met mine, I read the message she was trying to convey, viz. that the time had come to act. She bent over and pointed an eager finger.

"Oh, look!" she cried.

This, as I have explained, should have been the cue for Upjohn to bend over too, thus making it a simple task for me to do my stuff, but he didn't bend over an inch. And why? Because at this moment the goof Phyllis, suddenly appearing in our midst, said:

"Daddy, dear, you're wanted on the telephone."

Upon which, Upjohn, standing not on the order of his going, legged it for the house as if propelled from a gun. He could not have moved quicker if he had been the dachshund Poppet, who at the moment was running round in circles.

As far as Bobbie and I were concerned silence reigned, but Phyllis continued vocal.

"I found this darling pussycat in the garden," she said, and I saw that she was bearing Augustus in her arms.

She lowered him to terra firma.

"I brought him down to talk to Poppet. Poppet loves cats, don't you, angel? Come and say how-d'you-do to the sweet pussykins, darling."

At the moment Augustus reached the ground, Poppet had completed his tenth lap and was preparing to start on his eleventh. Seeing Augustus he smiled broadly and bounded forward with a merry bark.

I could have told the silly ass his attitude was all wrong. Already Augustus had had much to endure from Phyllis, who had doubtless jerked him out of dreamland when scooping him up in the garden. And this put the lid on his sullen mood. He spat peevishly, there was a sharp yelp and something long and brown came shooting between my legs, precipitating itself and me into the depths.

When I rose to the surface I found that Poppet and I were not the only bathers. We had been joined by Wilbert Cream, who had dived in, seized the hound by the scruff of the neck and was towing him at a brisk pace to the shore.

And by one of those odd coincidences I was at this juncture seized by the scruff of the neck myself.

"It's all right, Mr. Upjohn, keep quite cool, keep quite. . . . What the hell are you doing here, Bertie?" said Kipper, for it was he. And I may have been wrong, but it seemed to me that he spoke petulantly.

I expelled a few fluid ounces of H_2O.

"You may well ask," I said, moodily detaching a water beetle from my hair. "I don't know if you know the meaning of the word 'agley,' Kipper, but that, to put it in a nutshell, is the way things have ganged."

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NEXT WEEK: Jeeves tries out a plan of his own

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 26

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

For the first penny Charlie paid 1s., and for the last 1s. plus 99d., or 9s. 3d. These two, therefore, cost 10s. 3d. together. The second penny cost 1s. 1d., and the last but one cost 9s. 2d.—again a total of 10s. 3d. So the 100 coins must have cost 50 times 10s. 3d., or £25 12s. 6d. (By the way, 1920 pennies come to 160s., or £8. Perhaps Bob was the originator of the rumour!)

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Admirals all, for England's sake, honour be yours, and fame! (Sir Henry Newbolt).

Clue Down: The National Health Service.

Clues Across: (A) Tandem; (B) Humid; (C) Errata; (D) Nelson; (E) Avalanche; (F) Twill; (G) Informal; (H) Oleander; (I) Nag; (J) Atlas; (K) Legend; (L) Hustings; (M) Embark; (N) Amen; (O) Lothario; (P) Taranto; (Q) Hussar; (R) Sabre; (S) Elegy; (T) Romulus; (U) Versus; (V) Insanity; (W) Cardiff; (X) Enamoured.

The Inspector's Comment

See page 35

Doesn't look like an accident. If, as Appleton stated, the body was left exactly as found, you'd expect the ropes to be on top of the dead man, or by the side of him. The one place where they shouldn't be was *underneath* him. Yet that's where Wilson, an independent witness, saw them. Looks to me as if Appleton and Fielding killed Halvard with the blood-stained stone and hurried off to find a witness who could confirm their story. More investigation needed on this one.

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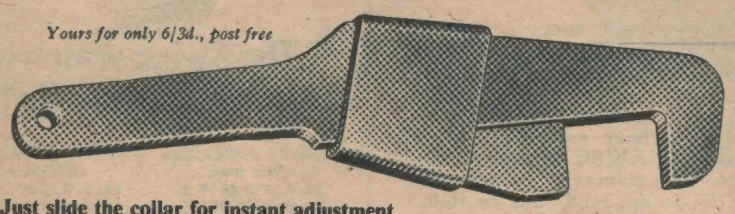

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

WHEN I took an unfurnished flat a few years ago, the landlord asked me for a deposit, leaving the sum to me. I fixed on a sum of £5 and he gave me a receipt describing the money as "a deposit on the flat. . . ." When I paid the first month's rent, I asked him when I got the deposit back. He said I didn't. Now I wish to leave the flat and wonder whether I have any claim on the £5.—M. B., Bristol.

● The deposit you paid appears to have been in the nature of a bond to indemnify him against any claim that might have arisen against you during your tenancy. Unless any claim has arisen there is no reason why you should not deduct the amount of the deposit from the last rent you pay him. If you have already paid the rent you could sue for the return of the deposit. If, however, the money was paid to obtain an option to take the flat, you could not reclaim it.

WARM AND SUNNY

I WOULD like to go to Tripoli for my holidays and wonder if you can give me some information about the weather there.—Mrs. E. H., Sandbach, Cheshire.

● The climate of Tripolitania is warm and dry. The evening temperature drops sharply, but in Tripoli is not so noticeable. Tripoli has a cosmopolitan atmosphere, but basically it is Arabian with an Italian influence.

ANT TROUBLE

I AM now troubled with some species of ant and wonder if you can tell me to whom I go for expert advice?—Miss D. I. S., Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

● The Agricultural Research Council, Pest Infestation Laboratory, Slough, Bucks, is the department which deals with ant infestation. You should forward some specimen ants in a tin box if you are communicating with this department.

GOOD STIFFENER

HAVING bought a stiff net underskirt with fifty yards of net in it, I found that it went limp and no amount of starching would stiffen it. What can I do?—Mrs. V. S., Hyde, Cheshire.

● A net underskirt not made of nylon is difficult to stiffen; nylon is somewhat easier. You could try either a plastic starch, such as "Dip," or a solution of sugar water, for which you will need a lot of sugar.

THE GREEN EYE

WOULD you kindly advise me where I can get a copy of the words of the monologue, "The Green Eye Of The Little Yellow God"?—A. F. S., Newton Abbot, Devon.

● You will probably be helped in this by W. Paxton and Co., 36 Dean Street, London, W.1. They carry large stocks of monologues and traditional music hall material.

INSURANCE PAYER

IF a man comes to do a small job for me, lasting about three hours, and that man is sent by his regular employer, am I legally obliged to pay that man's National Insurance?—Mrs. E. S., Shotton Colliery, Durham.

● The man's employer is legally required to stamp his National Insurance Card and there is no obligation on you.

COVENANTS

CAN you tell me how to enter into a covenant to pay a weekly sum to my ageing father? — V. S., Tenby, Pembs.

● You should have a deed of covenant drawn up by a solicitor.

MUST I PAY

I RECENTLY completed the hire purchase of a car. Now I have received a demand for a further 10s. for "issue of our final receipt transferring to you legal ownership of the hired vehicle." By what right do they demand it, and must I pay?—L. B., Enfield, Middlesex.

● If you examine your agreement you will doubtless see that until you have exercised the option to buy it for 10s. on payment of the final instalment, the car is only on hire to you, and you have not legal possession of it. If you exercise the option it will be yours.

WALL WORK

I LET a room in my house as an unfurnished bed-sitter. It now needs redecorating. Do I pay, or does the tenant, or do we share the cost?—E. M., Ipswich.

● Unless you have agreed as a condition of the tenancy that you would do internal decorations to the room, you have no legal obligation to do so. This also applies to the tenant.

WHOSE HEDGE

A HEDGE separates my garden from the one next door, and my neighbour claims the hedge as her own. At full growth it extends two feet or more into my garden. She says that before I can trim it I must have her permission. Is this so?—G. D., Northumberland.

● If the hedge is planted wholly in your neighbour's land it is hers. If, however, it is planted exactly on the dividing line between the properties it is a party hedge belonging equally to both parties. In either case you are entitled to cut

away all parts that grow over or into your land, and for this your neighbour's consent is unnecessary.

IDLE ENGINE

IN December I bought a 1936 model car in which a reconditioned engine was installed. In July one piston shattered and the engine seized. The other pistons are badly pitted and scored. The engine had just completed five thousand miles and had been nursed through the running-in period. I have written to the engineers who did the reconditioning, but have had no reply. Can I make any claim on the manufacturers in respect of faulty materials?—W. L., Carmarthenshire.

● If the engine was sold under a guarantee and this had not expired, you would have a claim under its terms. If, however, it was not guaranteed you could not succeed in any claim.

LETTERS ABROAD

MY family is very keen to start corresponding with an American family and forming a pen friendship. Is there any organization which could put us in touch with such a family?—J. D., Horden, Co. Durham.

● Write to "Letters Abroad," 45 East 65th Street, New York, 21, N.Y., U.S.A. This organization will try to put you in contact with American pen friends.

THREATEN AWAY

EIGHTEEN months ago I started a small business, and while the majority of people who owe me money pay promptly, the odd one here and there doesn't. I am using a series of letters, gradually increasing in severity of tone, asking for settlement. The final and most successful letter threatens legal proceedings unless the amount is paid within fourteen days. Now a friend tells me that it is an offence to threaten a debtor with legal proceedings. Is this so?—C. R., London.

● It is not an offence to threaten a debtor with legal proceedings and is, indeed, quite usual.

LOST HANDBAG

MY handbag was stolen while I was at work. My employer provides no place where it could be stored with safety. He says he has no responsibility for the loss of my property.—V. S., Greenford, Middlesex.

● As your employer had no legal obligation to provide a safe place where you could keep your handbag, he cannot be held liable for the loss you suffered. In the circumstances you would be regarded as having brought the property on to the premises entirely at your own risk.

BREAK AND PAY

MY daughter was engaged to work in a café. After working there for two weeks she was told that she would have to replace anything she broke. Is the proprietor legally correct in making such a rule?—R. L., Bodmin, Cornwall.

● Unless it was a condition of her employment that she should replace any article she broke she could be held liable only if there is evidence to show that she was negligent in the care of her employer's property.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Quicker-boiling kettle:** One pint of cold water (62 deg. F.) can be brought to boiling point in 1 min. 52 sec. using the new 2.3-kW "Hi-Speed" electric kettle by Hotpoint. The full capacity of this kettle is three pints, but thanks to the low positioning of the element it is possible to boil as little as 0.9 pints of water. Fitted with a safety automatic cut-out which resets itself if the kettle boils dry, the kettle itself is made of copper and has a chrome or nickel-plate finish. The steam vents are placed so that you do not scald your hand when lifting the boiling kettle and the short spout is designed for easy pouring. Voltage ranges: 200/220, 220/230, 230/250. The price is £4 18s. 6d. tax paid. By A.E.I.-Hotpoint, Ltd., 33 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

▶ **Lampshade tip:** Don't throw out that old standard lampshade frame. Strip off the original material and recover with butter muslin. This gives you a convenient food cover which will give protection against flies and dust in warm weather.

▶ **New power-tool attachment:** The first of a new range of cutting tools to be produced by Simmonds Aerocessories, Ltd., is the Surcut Cutting Disc. Made of hardened and tempered steel with teeth arranged radially right up to the edge, it can be used on any portable electric drill. This disc is suitable for stripping paint, levelling floorboards, shaping wood, plastics compositions and non-ferrous materials. The complete Surcut Cutting Disc kit costs 17s. 6d. Replacement cutters cost 11s. 6d. By the Surform Division, Simmonds Aerocessories, Ltd., Stornoway House, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

▶ **Non-tip vases:** If you want to safeguard a valuable vase fill it one-third full of fine, clean sand. This lessens the risk of its being knocked over.

▶ **Ease those feet:** Do your shoes pinch? Then apply some Shoeeze to the leather where it feels tight. When you put the shoes back on again the leather will harmlessly mould itself to fit your foot comfortably. Clear, colourless, harmless to the skin, stockings and leather, this liquid sells in a bottle for 4s. 11d. From local shoe repair shops, chemists or department stores. By H. and L. Marshall and Sons, Ltd., 302 Latimer Road, London, W.10.

▶ **Stepladder prop:** Before beginning a ceiling decoration job, lash a clothes-rope prop to one side of your stepladder. This will give you something firm to hold on to and will prevent any feeling of insecurity when standing on the top step out of reach of the wall.

▶ **New floor seal:** You can give a handsome, trouble-free red or green surface to unglazed earthenware or quarry tiles, cement or stone floors with the new Ronseal Coloured Seal. This coloured finish will not rub off and is proof against water, dirt stains and spills. It cures permanently the dust-producing tendency of cement floors.

▶ **Handy garden dibber:** Fit a rubber ring from the stopper of a screw-top bottle on to your garden dibber. This rubber can be adjusted to different depths to make sure that seedlings are planted uniformly.

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